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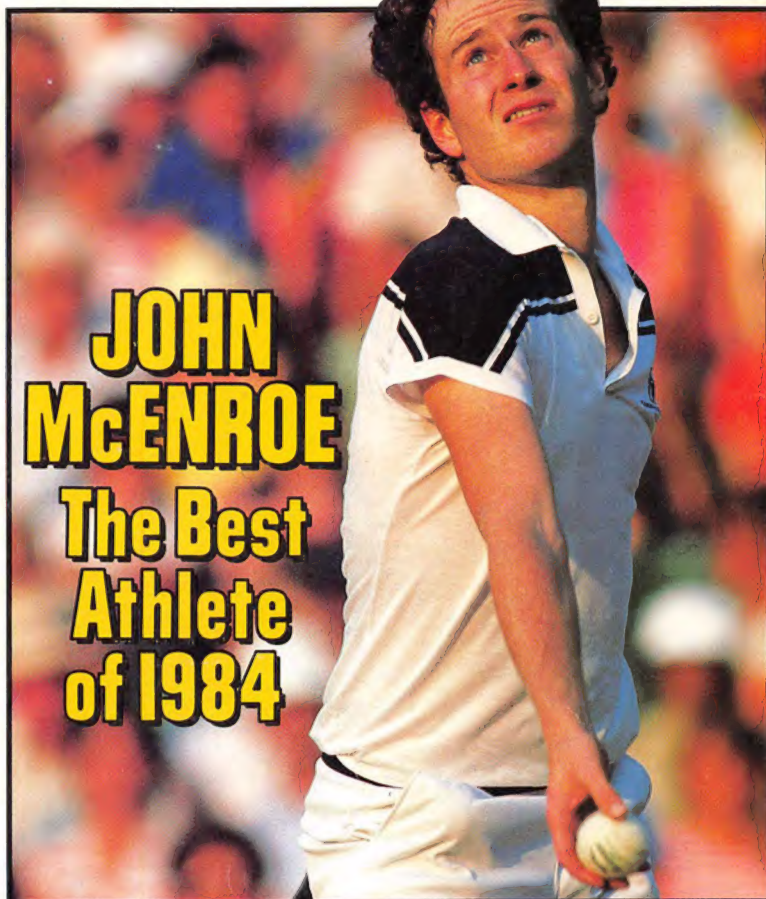
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Williams:
The Wiz
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**JOHN
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**The Best
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**14-Page
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**Hockey's
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Interview: Kellen Winslow
ACC Basketball

Mario Andretti & Paul Newman

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24



32



64

FEATURES

18 Interview: Kellen Winslow

San Diego's All-Pro tight end is down, but not out
By TED GREEN

24 Raging Genius

John McEnroe's lofty talent puts him atop the tennis universe
By ANN LIGUORI

32 Changing of the Guard in the ACC

Goodbye Carolina; hello Duke, Georgia Tech, and N.C. State
By BARRY JACOBS

38 Inside Sports' Special Fitness Section

- Eternal Youth in the Pro Game
- Staying in Shape Is Forever
- The Best-Conditioned Athlete?
- Fitness Is Unavoidable

By STEVE and SHARON FIFFER

52 The Wiz Has the Bullets Flying

Gus Williams' new teammates won't leave home without him
By TOM JACKSON

56 Revenge of the Nerds

These six NHL players form an all-star team of the forsaken
By JAY GREENBERG

62 Whose Kind of Town?

Chicago baseball is still the North vs. the South
By PHIL HERSH

70 Baseball's Dirty Double-Dozen

The Portland Mavericks struck fear into the hearts of opponents
By SHELDON SUNNESS

DEPARTMENTS

7 Editor's Note

10 The Insider

15 Media

By BOB RUBIN

76 Gambling

By JERRY IZENBERG

80 The Good Doctor

82 The Fan

By JIMMY THE GREEK

Cover: John McEnroe photo by David Walberg;
Gus Williams photo by Noren Trotman;
Charlie Huddy photo by Bruce Bennett



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EDITOR'S NOTE

THINGS COULD HAVE BEEN worse for Kellen Winslow. A lot worse.

Imagine what he'd be going through now had he *not* signed a new contract with the San Diego Chargers early in the 1984 season. At least today he's going through rehabilitation knowing he'll be paid whether or not he can successfully recover from his devastating knee injury.

Winslow is the game's best tight end, yet he started the 1984 season by leaving the Chargers for a week after bitter negotiations with management failed to produce a new contract. Kellen played in the season-opener at Minnesota, then sat out the next game, insisting he was not going to jeopardize his future by playing without a contract. The USFL Houston Gamblers made an offer, then Winslow

inked a five-year Charger contract that guaranteed his salary in the event of an injury. Little did Winslow know how badly he would need that covenant.

One month later Winslow was en route to the best season of his career, possibly a record-breaking year. Despite missing that one game, Kellen was leading the NFL with 55 receptions and catching passes at the rate of 120 a year.

Then, in the final moments of a 44-37 loss to the L.A. Raiders in San Diego, Winslow was sandwiched between Raider linebackers Rod Martin and Jeff Barnes. Kellen's collateral ligament in his right knee was so badly damaged that after a 2½-hour operation he was not only out for the season but his playing career was in doubt.

What goes through your mind when you are the best in the world at what you do, and an accident puts your career in peril? What inner terrors can be shared with others? What hates, what fears, what tortures can anyone else possibly understand?

To find out, INSIDE SPORTS sent writer Ted Green to listen to Winslow. In the resulting interview (page 18), Kellen recalls the pain and agony he felt that Sunday afternoon. But the 6'5", 248-pound Winslow also says

that he is determined to make a successful recovery.

There were questions about the hit on Winslow—was it legal? But Winslow thinks the Raiders were not intentionally trying to injure him. "I've known Jeff [Barnes] for a couple of years," he says. "Last year when we were in Las Vegas for an NFL arm-wrestling tournament, I got a chance to meet him and spend some time with him and



Winslow's star flamed out in one play.

his wife. He's basically a shy guy, just the type of person you might want your son to be. That's the impression I got of him. The way he plays on the field, he's just a competitor."

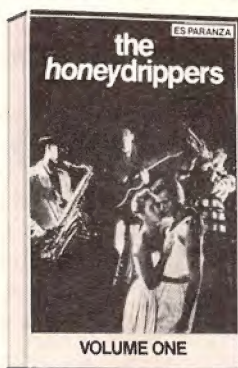
Winslow holds no love for the Raiders, who for years have dominated the AFC West, but says most of the guys on the team are clean players. "Jeff's among the better Raiders," Winslow says. "His reputation among the players and coaches on our team is that he's a good, clean football player. I don't think any of the Raiders are dirty—outside of one or two, and I wouldn't want to mention their names because I have to play them again. But the rest are just hard-hitting, intense, slightly insane football players."

Kellen was not wearing a knee brace when he was injured. "As a matter of fact," Winslow says, "our team doctor designed one and a lot of our players wear them. We had talked about the tight ends wearing them, but I've always felt they might be cumbersome and affect my play."

Now, Winslow knows better.

Michael K. Herbert

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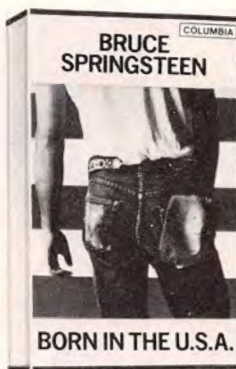
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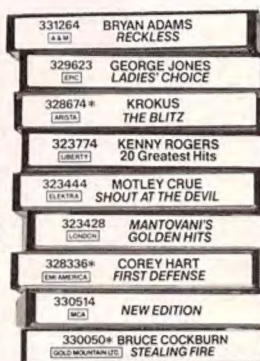
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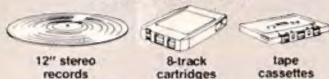
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FAST CROWDS

Somebody Up There Likes Paul Newman

IN A SPORT WHERE AN ERROR IN judgment can mean not just winning or losing, but life or death, Mario Andretti has succeeded to a degree unmatched by any driver in racing history. Andretti was a free agent, however, in the closing days of the 1983 Indy-car racing season, and top team owners were speeding to his door offering contracts spiced not just with megadollars—that was a given—but promises of hot new race cars (“toys” as Andretti often calls them) that would once again power the 1969 Indianapolis 500 winner and 1978 Formula One world champion to the summit of his sport.

“I definitely had some interesting offers,” Andretti recalled not long ago. “And, to be honest, the reason I was listening was I was a little bit displeased. Not with my team, but with the equipment.”

Amid much pomp and circumstance, Andretti had joined a new Indy-car team that year, co-owned by actor/racer Paul Newman and Chicago businessman Carl Haas and fueled by a multimillion-dollar Budweiser sponsorship. Haas, owner-manager of teams that won seven consecutive road racing championships in the 1970s, commissioned an English-built Lola for Andretti to drive at Indianapolis and the rest of the CART [Championship Auto Racing Teams]-sanctioned PPG Cup series. Although Mario scored a pair of victories and placed third in the season’s final point standings, the Lola was sometimes unwieldy and, early in the year, just plain slow.

So Andretti went looking, until Newman—who once told *Time* magazine he sometimes wished he were Andretti—came calling.

“I was going to move on,” Mario later admitted. “Paul was the one who got my mind off of that. He’s the one who made the difference, talking me into finally staying. I owe that to him.”

Newman’s persuasion paid off. Andretti drove the new red Lola T-800 to six victories (including the Meadowlands Grand Prix and the Michigan 500), won eight pole positions, set 10 track records, earned a single-season record of \$942,963, and captured the CART/PPG national championship and Driver of the Year honors.

Newman’s on-screen performances are convincing, but Mario said Paul had no script during their conversation.

“I have a lot of respect for his judgment,” Andretti explained. “He knows what’s going on. That guy is a racer himself, so he understands. His contributions to the team’s success are much more than you might believe.”

Newman, twice a national amateur sports car champion driver, says he admires Andretti and thrives in the racing environment.

“I enjoy the people in racing, for the most part, more than I enjoy the people in Hollywood,” he said. “There’s a lot of ‘bull’ in racing, but it’s fun, put-on ‘bull.’ Nobody takes themselves seriously.”

Even though he co-owns the Lola, which in 1985 will have a reported \$4.5 billion sponsorship by the Beatrice Companies,



Newman, who also races, talked Andretti into driving his car.

Newman says he has never driven the 200-plus-mph Indy machine. Not even in private?

“I’m not very bright,” Newman answers, “but I’m not stupid.”

Last November, when Newman was handed the owners’ championship trophy at the CART awards banquet in Las Vegas, he told the audience of his six Oscar nominations, which resulted in zero victories. Then, turning toward Andretti, he smiled.

“Today Mario won me my Oscar.”

BIG MOMENTS

Tradition Triumphs at Cherry Hills

GO AHEAD, PICK OUT THE GREATEST MOMENT IN THE history of a sport. Baseball: Larsen’s perfect game in the ‘56 Series, or how about Ruth’s calling of the homer in the ‘32 Series, or Maris’ 61st homer, or Aaron’s 715th? Football: the Colts-Giants ‘58 title game, or Starr’s sneaking over from the one in the Tundra Bowl against the Cowboys. But what about Joe Willie’s guaranteed victory in Super Bowl III? Basketball: The “Haylicek stole the ball” game, or Wilt’s 100 points, or Reed’s seventh-game heroics against the Lakers . . .

The point is that there is no *one* greatest moment for any sport—except golf. Because in golf there’s one event, one time in history, that changed the sport.

Go back to the 1960 U.S. Open at Cherry Hills Country Club in Denver. Back then they played 36 holes on the final day of the Open, and Arnold Palmer was still seven shots behind third-round leader Mike Souchak after the morning 18. Sitting in the clubhouse wolfing down a hamburger, Palmer asked Pittsburgh sports writer and pal Bob Drum, “What do you think a final round 65 might do?”

“Arnie,” Drum replied, “it wouldn’t do you any good. You’re too far behind.”

Not only did Arnie have to make up seven shots on a rugged



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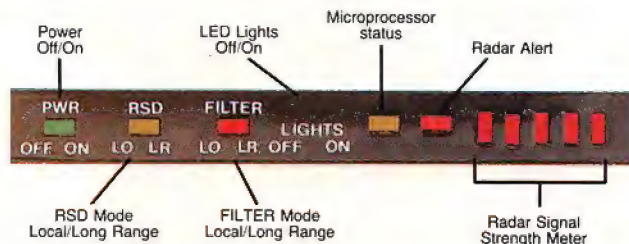
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course, but he also had to pass 14 golfers who stood between him and the lead.

Palmer stormed to the first tee, a 347-yard par 4, and to the amazement of the gallery took out his driver. "You going for the green?" someone asked Palmer. "No, I'm going for the cup," he said.

The green could only be reached with a remarkably long drive, which Palmer was capable of producing at that time. He drove the green, dead center, and two-putted from 20 feet out for a birdie. Three birdies immediately followed en route to an outgoing 31. Palmer finished the final 18 with a 65, and a two-shot championship victory over an amateur named Nicklaus.

Golf fans will always remember Palmer and Cherry Hills for the shot that launched the legend of Palmer's charge.

However, when the U.S. Open returned to Denver and Cherry Hills in 1978, the championship's No. 1 hole had a new tee box. It was in a chute down the hill and to the east, making the hole play 400 yards instead of 347. "The USGA didn't want a par 4 driven. It's as simple as that," said Ron Moore of Cherry Hills.

But in a sport where tradition has always been paramount, tradition was upheld. Recently, the PGA of America announced that the first hole at Cherry Hills will play the same for the 1985 PGA Championship as it did for the 1960 Open.

The reason is simple.

"Tradition," said Mark Kizziar, president of the PGA of America.

Palmer's drive to the green, Kizziar said, is what "really put Cherry Hills on the map, and maybe put Arnold Palmer on the map as well.

"Not to use that tee would be a disservice to the championship, to the people who will watch the championship, and the players who will participate in it," Kizziar said.

"Nostalgia. Tradition. That's why we want to use the same tee that Arnold used in 1960," said James Ray Carpenter, the PGA of America's treasurer. "That shot was the first thing I ever heard about Cherry Hills. It was the first place they took me to. And the reason they took me is I asked them to."

Palmer won the '60 Open with a 280, Andy North won it in '78 with a 285. Kizziar declined to speculate on what the winning score might be during the 1985 PGA. "We're not going to set up the golf course with any specific number in mind. Regardless of how we set it up, it will not involve any structural changes. Our only priority is to

measure the ability of the greatest players in the game as it relates to their ability to drive the ball, to play to the greens, and to play around the greens.

"We do not need to effect any structural changes of Cherry Hills to do that."

Long live, tradition!



Arnie did the impossible in the 1960 U.S. Open.

AMERICA ON ICE

Americans Now Welcome in the NHL

IN LAST MONTH'S ARTICLE "THE ZEBRAS ARE RUINING Hockey," contributing writer Stan Fischler indicated that there's been some long-held prejudice against American-born league officials. If U.S. officials are being discriminated against, the same cannot be said of American-born players.

Recent NHL drafts show that the former bias against American-born hockey players, especially those who seek to advance through the high school and college systems, is quickly evaporating. "Say a youngster is playing hockey on the midget level and is faced with a choice of juniors in Canada—which used to be the accepted route—or staying in high school and playing there," says American-born coach Bob Johnson of the Calgary Flames. "Because we [the NHL] are drafting players like [Tom] Barrasso and [Phil] Housley directly from high school and they are able to make the jump, it causes a kid to pause and think about the [American] high school route. He sees it best to stay home."

LISTS

The NHL's Growing American Flavor

IN 1968-69 THERE WERE ONLY SIX AMERICANS IN THE NHL, but for each of the next 13 seasons the number increased. From 1981-82 to 1982-83 the total decreased from 70 to 64 but has returned to the upswing with an all-time record 12.1% American players on NHL rosters at the start of 1984-85.

The two biggest increases in the number of U.S.-born players were in seasons following the Olympics. In 1979-80 the number jumped to 66, 14 more than the year before, while the total number of American players in the NHL after the Sarajevo Olympics reached an all-time high of 79.

Following is a breakdown of the number of American-born players and the percentage of the NHL total for each of the past 15 seasons:

Season	Total Players	U.S. Born	% of Americans
1968-69	343	6	1.7
1969-70	340	7	2.1
1970-71	385	8	2.1
1971-72	392	15	3.8
1972-73	429	20	4.7
1973-74	451	22	4.9
1974-75	526	30	5.7
1975-76	521	31	6.0
1976-77	507	34	6.7
1977-78	513	35	6.8
1978-79	498	42	8.4
1979-80	570	66	9.0
1980-81	616	69	11.2
1981-82	698	70	10.0
1982-83	709	64	9.0
1983-84	691	79	11.4
1984-85	521	63	12.1



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By BOB RUBIN

An Albert for Every Season

SINCE YOU WON'T know who or what to believe from here on, for the record, Marv Albert is 41, his brother Al is 37, and his brother Steve is 34. Also for the record, the only trio of prominent broadcasting brothers in the business love and respect one another. Keep that in mind through the bloodletting to come.

Marv winced when he heard of the plan to do a column on the family. "Have you ever spoken to my brothers?" he asked. "No? Poor guy, I really feel sorry for you. Their credibility is completely shot, zippo. For example, I know they'll do a number about my age—it's a regular shtick—but don't believe anything those guys say."

"They're actually older than me, but they cut years off. Neither can handle growing older. It's very sad. Their minds are starting to go. Al is further gone than Steve, I'd have to say, but they're both pretty sick. They should get out of the business. That's my advice."

"Marv said that?" Al asked with mock incredulity. "Typical. If we were out of the business no one would question his age. See, 80% of the things he says are made up, so he tries to put you on the defensive. It's the old reverse psychology."

"We're older than him? Poor guy. For Marv, that's like a cleansing. He's really telling you his feelings about himself. It's like going to a psychologist and telling him you have a 'friend' with a problem, only Marv doesn't have to pay for analysis, because he obviously gets it out in interviews. It's his



*'Have you ever spoken to my two brothers?'
Marv asked. 'No? Poor guy. I really feel sorry
for you. Their credibility is completely shot, zippo.'*

mind that's starting to go, and we feel for him.

"He was my inspiration, though. I figured if Marv could succeed in this business, anyone could."

Over to you, Steve:

"I don't believe in hitting old people when they're down, but Marv brings it on himself. Actually, I get it from both ends. Both of my brothers lie about their age. Not long ago Al and I both broadcast a fight from Atlantic City, mine for Main Event and his for USA, and when the ring announcer introduced us to the crowd, he said, 'We have two of the Albert brothers here tonight, Al and his older brother Steve.'

"Al, of course, put him up to it. What a low

blow. He gets away with murder. He does it with a straight face and has these innocent eyes, and people are beginning to believe him."

Ah, brotherly love.

The Alberts have to do most of their heckling long distance because all three have hectic schedules. As play-by-play voice of the New York Knicks and Rangers, an NFL, boxing, and college hoops hand for NBC, sports anchor at 6 and 11 for the network's New York affiliate, and periodic guest on the late-night David Letterman show, Old Man Marv's is positively brutal.

Marv makes approximately \$1.6 million annually, but, baby, he earns it. For example, in one 15-day stretch last winter, November 24 through December 9, he broadcast 13 events, including trips to Lake Tahoe and Rome for NBC fights.

"I still enjoy doing as many events as I can," said Marv, whose famous sibilant call of *Yéssss!* to signify a Knick basket can be heard in schoolyards throughout the metropolitan area. "I think I'd go nuts doing just one team, or just the news, or just network."

One would think he'd be a stranger to his family, which consists of wife Benita, son Kenny, 16, daughter Jackie, 11, and twins Denise and Brian, 10. He isn't because he takes them with him as often as possible.

The Albert dynasty seems self-perpetuating because young Kenny is already a semi-pro. He's sports editor of his high school newspaper, does high school and college football and basketball for a local cable outfit, and keep stats for his father.

"He's only in the embryonic stage, but he really knows his stuff," Marv says proudly. "He's been around it all his life. His style hasn't developed yet, but he's learning who to listen to and who not to. His favorites? I never asked him. Probably his uncles Al and Steve."

Al does college basketball, boxing, and hockey for USA and 20 road games of the Denver Nuggets and 15 of the Los Angeles Clippers back to their home markets. Steve is voice of the New Jersey Nets and works a lot of cable boxing shows. He used to do the New York Mets and Islanders, and the New Jersey Devils.

Jets, Nets, Islanders, Knicks, Rangers, Devils. There were years the New York airwaves were blanketed with the voices of Alberts.

"My mother would force my father to go to the opera occasionally in a futile effort to inject some culture into the family," Steve recalled. "He'd bring a radio and earplugs and listen to us. He became the best friend of all the attendants because he'd give them scores."

The Albert brothers grew up sports nuts in Brooklyn. Only then they weren't Alberts. The family name was Aufrichtig until his parents changed it when Marv was at Syracuse University, in the belief it would aid his career.

Being oldest, Marv led the way, though at first there was resistance from his parents.

"They preferred me taking piano lessons to spending all my time in the schoolyard," Marv said. "I took them for 10 years, and actually gave lessons in piano and accordion. But what I liked best about it was my piano teacher's mimeograph machine. It was great for the little newspapers I was always putting out."

Marv was drawn to the media end of sports, paying as much attention to writers and broadcasters as he did the athletes. While still in high school he wrangled his way into jobs as ballboy for the Knicks and gofer in the front office of the Dodgers.

As a Dodger employee he was entitled to two tickets to an overhead booth at Ebbetts Field. He'd bring a tape recorder, a friend to serve as color man, and do play-by-play on an imaginary radio station, WMPA (for his initials). He'd also drive everyone around him crazy, including friends of club owner Walter O'Malley. So one day he was called into the office and told either to cease and desist, or to move the WMPA broadcast booth to seats far down the right field line.

People who have seen Marv's hilarious Albert Achievement Awards on the Letterman Show—a montage of the worst athletic screwups he can find—or caught him calling an elevator race on the same wacky show, or covering Elsie the Cow's attempt to jump

over the moon on Sesame Street, or interviewing tiny Paul Simon and towering Connie Hawkins before a one-on-one shootout between the two on Saturday Night Live, know he's got an . . . er, offbeat sense of humor.

He always had. While a kid, he and a friend formed a fan club for journeyman St. Louis Cardinals infielder Solly Hemus, not exactly

cast whatever game was going on below—stickball, stoopball, or roller hockey. Two would play ping-pong in the basement, while the third called the action.

"We were not well," Steve said.

"An insane relationship," Al said.

One that nearly drove their parents insane. Brothers have been known to fight,

The Alberts would open a window and broadcast whatever game was going on in the street below—stickball, stoopball, or roller hockey. Or they would call their ping-pong action.

a hot name in Brooklyn. Then the two adopted an obscure Knick rookie, Jim Baechtold, and published "The Baechtold Bulletin."

Meanwhile, brother Al was following in Marv's footsteps, and Steve wasn't far behind Al.

"As a brother, Marv was the greatest," said Al, getting serious for a moment—but just a moment. "He always took me wherever he went. Just watching and listening to him I learned so much vicariously. I don't know if I would have gotten into it [broadcasting] if it hadn't been for him. I couldn't have asked for a better education."

So much for serious.

"Here I'm talking about what a great brother Marv is, but all he does is put Steve and I down. He's really a Machiavellian guy. He'll step on anyone, even his brothers, poor kids just trying to earn a living."

Steve, who had two siblings to look up to, also stopped jabbing for a moment when asked about the family influence on his career.

"From the fifth grade on I knew what I wanted. I remember a teacher assigned us to put on a news broadcast and I was the only one to memorize the script so I could maintain eye contact. It was like growing up in broadcasting school—free tuition, room and board."

The Alberts were constantly doing imaginary broadcasts. They'd turn the sound down on a televised baseball game and provide their own coverage. One would do play-by-play, one would simulate the sound of ball meeting bat with two thick pencils glommed from their father's grocery store, and the third would take charge of a crowd-noise record they bought. Once in a while the record would run out, forcing the assigned Albert to simulate the crowd himself.

The Alberts would open a window in their bedroom overlooking the street and broad-

and the battling Albert boys got into it hot and heavy. Of course, it's hard to say who really did what to whom, since their versions are as hotly disputed as their ages.

Marv segued into a frontal assault on both brothers as a response to a wisecrack made by Steve not long ago. NBC was doing a fight between John (The Beast) Mugabi and Frank (The Animal) Fletcher, which prompted Steve to call Dr. Ferdie Pachecho, Marv's broadcasting partner, with a suggestion.

"The hell with Marv, you should get Marlin Perkins to do the fight call."

"Steve was always a fresh kid," Marv said, "He got beaten up all the time, and you can tell why from that line. Al was the bully, and he got away with a lot. He used to pinch Steve under the table, Steve would start to cry, and my parents would slam Steve to shut him up because they didn't know why he was crying. The sad thing is that we got together two weeks ago and the same thing happened."

"But I'd protect Steve from Al."

Steve snorts derisively at the image of Marv the protector.

"The man is fantasizing. He was away at college during most of the time I was the punching bag of the family. I could be sitting there not doing anything and Al would get the urge to punch me in the face or fire salvos at my arm. He was also into pinching and Indian burns, and I had nuggie marks all over me. I survived the Alberts—it sounds like a science fiction film."

"When he was around, Marv just laughed. Oh, once he protected me, I think. But as I got older I could fight back. We'd have wars in the bedroom, toe-to-toe exchanges. The wall would be shaking, and my mother would scream from downstairs, 'Wait till your father gets home!' I do remember making Marv cry once. It was the highlight of my childhood."

Al pleads innocent.

"Marv had one great move, the pressure hold. He'd take your hand in his palm, and with the other hand press your hand back down under your wrist. And he talks about me pinching Steve? He bullied as much as he could.

"But Marv was limited because he never really was an athlete. When we played roller hockey he spent most of his time sitting on the curb with his skate key trying to get his skates on. One time, the other team didn't have enough players so they put a stick across the goal. I vividly remember Marv getting stopped on a breakaway.

"Did Marv tell you that at one time he wanted to be a florist. No? He's probably a little embarrassed. But if you're planning a wedding or bar mitzvah, some of his old arrangements would knock you out."

Marv concedes that Al, a hockey goalie at Ohio University and briefly as a pro, was the better athlete.

"I was strictly average schoolyard," Marv said. "I was good on jumpers off a screen, but I couldn't go left. I work on it but still can't do it. I don't know how anybody goes to their left. I was a goalie in roller hockey until I took a slapshot in the groin. I was a forward after that. Al was a good hockey player in college, but when his goals-against average reached 90.46 in the International League, he decided he'd be better off behind a mike."

Al says his hockey background is not why Marv occasionally invites him to sit in for him on Ranger broadcasts.

"He said he had several people in mind, but for half the fee he'd let me do it. It's one of the nicer offers he has made lately. After all, what are brothers for?"

To say nice things about each other. Like Al's critique of Marv's work on the Letterman show.

"Obviously, Letterman is running out of good guests. With Marv in the same building, he can fill up a few minutes without having to pay for transportation."

Because of their conflicting schedules the Alberts do not often get an opportunity to carve each other up in person.

"We were all at Marv's wedding back in the early '50s, but I missed his so-called 40th birthday party eight years ago," Steve said.

"Most of the time, we meet at games, only now I punch Al. When we do manage to get together at someone's home, we always play ping-pong. It's like a religious thing. Only now my father does play-by-play and my mother the crowd noises. And all the kids take care of the punching, pinching, and nuggies." ■

Just like the Alberts, contributing editor BOB RUBIN was always into media. His mother says his favorite bedtime author was Red Smith.



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By TED GREEN

Kellen Winslow: Down On One Knee, but Not Out

HE'S BIG, BUBBLY AND BRIGHT, A bear of a guy whose warmth may be his most endearing trait. But what you notice first about Kellen Winslow's football career is the numbers. And then you understand that—to the linebackers and safeties assigned to cover him—he must indeed appear bigger than life.

Numbers are not warm and endearing, they're cold and empty, and it's easy to read right through them. But in the case of No. 80, the 6'5", 248-pound All-Pro tight end of the San Diego Chargers, the numbers are impressive enough to tell a big part of the story.

For example, start with the 15 receptions in *one* game (vs. Green Bay, October 7, 1984), a Charger record. Then there were the five touchdown passes Winslow caught against the then-Oakland Raiders (November 22, 1981), making him only the second man in history and first in 31 years (the Chicago Cardinals' Bob Shaw in '51 was the other) to grab that many in one game.

But it's the volume of Winslow's pass-catching totals that demand attention. Keeping in mind that he has missed about half of three separate seasons, twice because of injuries and the third because of the NFL strike in '82, the six-year man from the University of Missouri has caught, in order, 25, 89, 88, 54 (strike season), 88, and 55 balls—with the 55 catches for the first part of '84 putting him on the road to breaking Charley Hennigan's single-season record of 101, set 20 years earlier.

In the equivalent of only 4½ seasons, that's a career total of 399 catches—or 89 a year on a prorated basis. No wonder Howard Cosell called him "All-World."

In other words, Kellen Boswell Winslow, one of seven children raised in a predominantly black section of East St. Louis, Ill., was on his way to becoming the top pass-catcher in pro football history. The current all-time leader is Winslow's good friend and teammate Charlie Joiner, the ageless wide

receiver who has caught more than 650 balls in 16 years. At the rate Winslow was going, he'd have reached 700 in half that time. He just turned 27 on November 5.

He *was* well on his way because last October 21 in Jack Murphy Stadium in San Diego, with less than four minutes to play in a typical Charger-Raider pointfest, Winslow caught his eighth pass of the day, a 12-yard out from quarterback Dan Fouts. Kellen caught it in an awkward position just as Raider linebacker Rod Martin was tackling him high. Then the Raiders' other outside linebacker, Jeff Barnes, hit Winslow low, from behind. And blew out his right knee.

Winslow was carried off on a stretcher. The posterior cruciate ligament, which for all intents and purposes holds the knee joint together, was completely severed. Surgery was performed the next morning. The following day the Chargers team physician, Dr. Gary Lossi, said the injury was so severe it could end Winslow's career.

Winslow lives just east of San Diego, in a tastefully decorated townhouse he shares with his fiancée, his one-year-old son (Kellen Jr.) by a previous marriage, and an English governess who cares for the boy—who looks like he could be even bigger than his dad someday.

Kellen's knee is in a full leg brace, and during most of the long conversation, he kept it propped up on the coffee table.

INSIDE SPORTS: You've probably seen the film a few times.

KELLEN WINSLOW: Yeah, a few. Seems like a few hundred.

IS: How did it happen?

KW: Well, if I remember correctly, it was a third-and-7. We ran a play called 638 Read, where I run a route going to the inside, then stop and come back to the outside. [Rod] Martin was playing me on the inside and [Jeff] Barnes had me outside deep. I was next to Martin and spun out of the move and was coming back to the outside, and the ball was thrown. I had to reach back to catch it

and I was even more out of position than I normally am. Instead of being able to turn upfield to my left, I was already facing that direction. Then Barnes came in with a nice legal hit just as I was coming into the spin and Martin came over the top and I just kind of got caught in the wrong position. My foot was planted and it was like a total twisting motion. All the weight was on that right leg.

IS: What did it feel like—the moment it happened?

KW: You ever heard a loud crunch?

IS: You're kidding.

KW: It was a loud crunch in the knee—I guess grinding is a better way to describe it. Then a pop. Just a pop. It reminded me so much of when I broke my leg my rookie year. I heard the leg snap. I never will forget that sound and I never will forget this one, either. It was the type of thing that the moment it happened you knew it but you just didn't want to believe it. By the time the doctors got out to me the leg was not straight. There was a lot of pain and I was sort of rolling around on the field. Then the doctor caught me like a wet fish out of water . . .

IS: You mean you were flopping around?

KW: Yeah, rolling around like, "Oh, man!" The doctor put the leg back in place; he snapped it back just like you would a dislocated finger. And then the pain stopped. When he examined the knee, the ligaments were not there, they were not stable at all. They loaded me onto the cart and were taking me off the field, and a lot of friends of mine and people were cheering and stuff.

IS: Do you remember what you were thinking?

KW: I knew where I was headed. I was going in to get X-rays and going to the hospital for surgery. It's something we all think about as football players, and we escape for a while, but at one point or another it catches up with you. You can sprain your knee or you can blow it out completely or you can tear a ligament or you can rip cartilage—it all depends on the degree of the injury. But



not many people sneak through without hurting their knee some way.

IS: That sounds fatalistic.

KW: More like realistic, I'd say. Hey, I'd been very lucky. I had one surgery besides this one since I've been in the NFL, and that was to remove a calcium deposit in my left arm—strictly a minor operation. This surgery, on the other hand, lasted more than three hours.

IS: You said that Barnes' hit was legal. In the replay it looked like Martin already had you collared high when Barnes, unintentionally or otherwise, came down at your knee from behind. I know it was a legal hit, but do you think it violated some kind of moral code?

KW: I don't think so. I think when you go out there, especially when you make your living over the middle like I have been and hopefully will continue to, it's a chance you take. There have been times when I have been bent completely backwards, with my legs caught up under me, and I felt something should have given then but didn't, and I felt very fortunate. I don't think Barnes' hit was anything vicious.

IS: Why did he have to hit you at the knee?

KW: [Laughs] Because Martin had me up high.

IS: Why couldn't he have hit you in the thigh or the calf? Why the back of the knee?

KW: Well, in the heat of battle you might aim for one thing and end up hitting something else. He might have aimed for the thigh or legs or ankle, but when I was pushed by Martin it might have changed his angle. I really don't think it was something he tried intentionally.

IS: Would a brace have helped in this case?

KW: It's hard to say.

IS: Any of your doctors comment on that?

KW: Dr. Lossi, who did the surgery, feels it might have minimized the injury. But I don't like playing with a lot of stuff on. Every time I've worn even a knee sleeve, I've always felt slower. Heavier. When you're playing at 248 you really don't need too much more.

IS: Let's go back to Barnes. You mentioned that you subsequently received a letter.

KW: I got a letter maybe a week after the surgery from Jeff and his wife, Anitha. They were really concerned. Anitha said Jeff felt terrible about it and that he wanted to talk and would I give him a call. I've tried to call a couple of times, but they go back between Hayward, Calif., where he lives, and down to L.A., so it's hard to catch up with him.

IS: What do you suppose you'll say?

KW: That it's a business. That as long as he knows in his heart that it was not something he did on purpose, he has nothing to worry about. Believe me, I don't stay up nights dreaming about revenge.

IS: What do you think about?

KW: I tell myself this happened for a reason.

Why? The Lord has not revealed it yet. But I don't think, "Why me?" or curse this or that. That would be foolish. My faith in God carries me through this. When I was being carried off the field I had no pain, I knew where I was going, I had no doubts. A lot of times, fear causes people to lose faith.

IS: Were you sad?

KW: No, I can honestly say I wasn't.

IS: What about the next day?

KW: The next day I was so groggy I didn't even know where I was. When I finally came to my senses I sat up in bed, and there was

'To me, not coming back is a remote possibility. The Lord just wanted me to slow down and take a look at other things.'

this brace on my leg and I said, "Oh yeah, my leg. *That's* where I am." At that point I started thinking about what I had to do, how long it was going to be before I could just walk again, then run. The most important thing to me is that I have full use of the knee as a normal human being. I've had a couple of nights of sadness since then, mostly because it's difficult to sleep. But outside of that I have nothing to be down about.

IS: You have suffered a very serious injury.

KW: The doctor [Lossi] described it as an explosion inside the knee. The ligaments just exploded. It was like a pot of spaghetti before you put in the sauce. A lot of the media picked up on that and said I had spaghetti knees. That part, they misconstrued.

IS: Dr. Lossi said your career could be over. Is that true?

KW: He came to the hospital the next day and, frankly, most of what he threw at me went straight in one ear and out the other. He did tell me they had done a good reconstruction job, and that the knee was stable.

IS: It sounds like you only heard what you wanted to hear.

KW: He did say my career was in jeopardy, that this could be a career-ending type of injury.

IS: But you weren't ready to hear it.

KW: I guess not. It's something you think about when you blow your knee out, but I took it as something he had to say. It was his responsibility to say, listen, this is a possibility. I said, "OK, fine, it's a possibility."

But to me it's a remote possibility. This happened because the Lord wanted me to slow down and take a look at other things. I don't think it's career-ending.

IS: What is the prognosis and rehabilitation schedule?

KW: First, I'll tell you what the doctor said. He said I'll be in this brace for six to seven weeks. It sure beats a cast. Maybe in six months, he said, I'd be walking without a brace, normally. Doing a great deal of rehab. Maybe in nine months I could start to run again and, if it responds, maybe, just maybe, I'll be ready for training camp in '85. And I joked around with him and told him we could miss training camp—let's just get ready for the opening regular season game. You know, this thing does have some advantages [laughs].

IS: Sounds like you have your own timetable.

KW: Right. In four months I'd like to be walking without a brace. At six months we'll decide whether or not I should stay with the weight program on this passive motion machine called a Cybex. Or I might start some jogging. At nine months I'd like to be really running. Of course, it all depends on how the knee responds. He said it would be at least nine months to a year before I'm ready to play again. Then he told me you're never really sure the knee is ready until you get out there and take a hit.

IS: That's a heck of a way to find out.

KW: Yeah, but it's the only way. That's how I found out after breaking my leg my rookie year.

IS: You took a couple of shots and . . .

KW: That was it, after the first two you're like, "I'm back!"

IS: Jogging is often a part of rehabilitation. Have you ever been a jogger before?

KW: I think it's boring [laughs].

IS: You seem convinced you will play again. As serious as this is do you think you're being realistic?

KW: I know I am. To me, my God is a God of love and not one of destruction. If He does do something out of destruction it filters through the hands of love, and I guess my positive attitude is based on that. This was done to slow me down, to let me appreciate what I have and keep me humble.

IS: You are the current standard for tight ends in football. Assuming you do make it back, do you worry about being the player you were?

KW: Well, we talked about that, too. The doctor says my knee will never be 100%. I said, "Wait a minute, what do you mean by that?" He said, "Well, two days ago you didn't have a scar on your knee." I said, "Well, that's true." So I guess the knee will never be 100% according to that standard. But if I can regain 95% of the mobility and

stability that I had before the injury, I have nothing to complain about. I concede the 5% because I didn't have the scar before and now I do. Most of it is not how the knee responds but how the mind responds. If you tell yourself, hey, I might hurt myself if I do this, then odds are it's going to hurt to do something. The big thing is, this type of surgery has happened to other people before and they have returned to football.

IS: Do you have some examples?

KW: A. J. Duhe. I talked to A. J. before the Chargers played the Dolphins [in November]. Bob Swenson, Denver's outside linebacker. I talked to him about it, too.

IS: What did they tell you?

KW: A. J. told me that if he could come back from it, I could too. And Swenson, they talked about the fact that he might never play again, so it was good to see him out there. Bob told me not to get discouraged, because the leg itself, the actual muscle structure, won't come back until I'm able to ride a stationary bicycle. You can get discouraged if you don't know what is going to happen and you're expecting something to happen and it doesn't. But when you know how things are going to go . . .

IS: You've probably gotten a lot of mail from well-wishers.

KW: Over 300, and they make me feel really good. You feel appreciated when everything you pick up is positive. You say to yourself, I can't be down, because with this much support behind you, how can you fail? The only way you can fail is if you allow yourself to—because these people are pulling hard for you, why can't you pull hard for yourself?

IS: It's only human, though, to have downs, too. Do you have those?

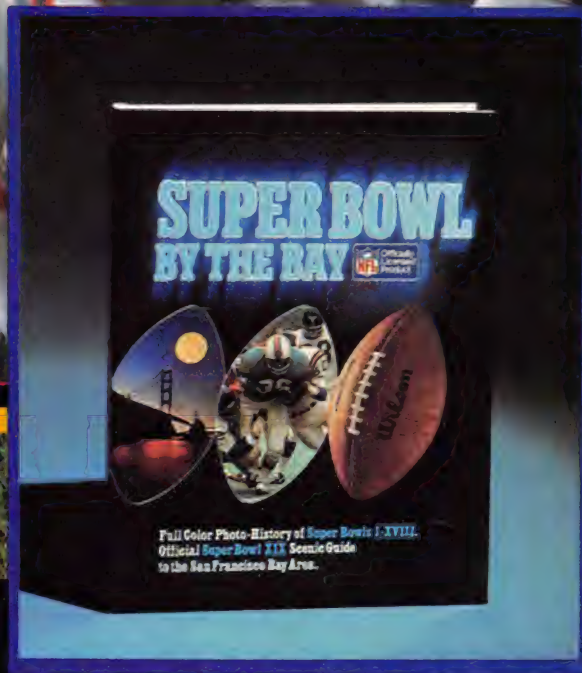
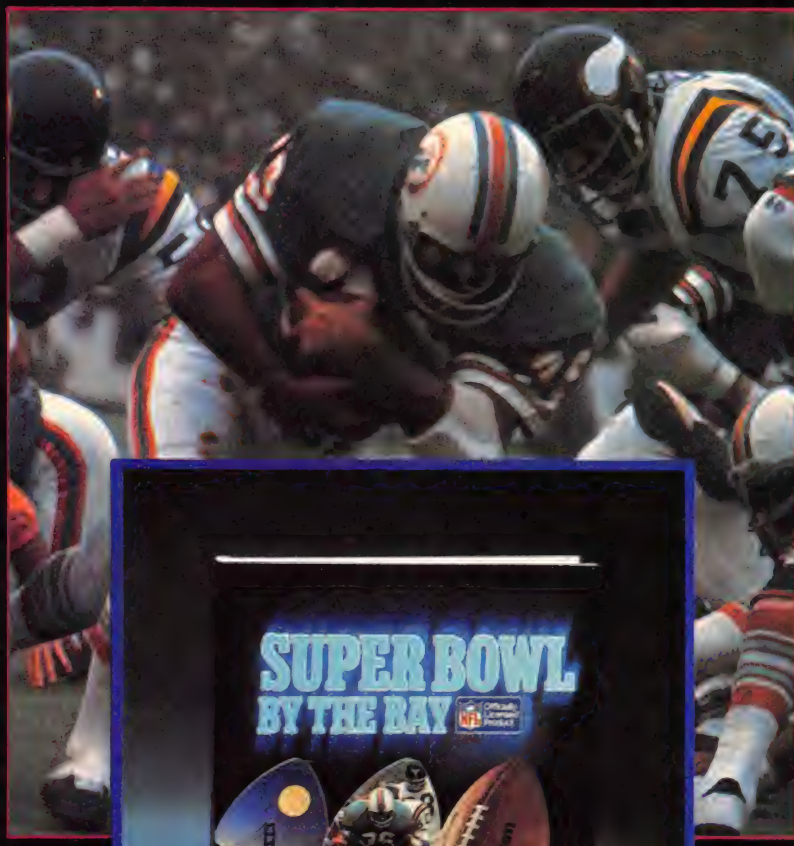
KW: Not at all.

IS: Is it that you won't allow yourself to?

KW: Maybe that could be part of it. Freud deals with a lot of that. Look, I'm not denying that my knee hurts, I'm not denying I've got a long road to full recovery. I'm just saying that I'm going to meet these goals and do whatever it takes. Because this is what I want to do and this is what I feel the Lord wants me to do. He wants me to take on this trial and defeat it.

IS: But what if you go out there and are unable to perform up to Kellen Winslow standards?

KW: That's something I've thought about and really wrestled with. I've always kidded the coaches that in the latter part of my career I'm going to bulk up to 270 and play tackle. Add a few more years to my career. Play eight years at tight end, maybe switch to tackle—other people have done it. Larry Brown did it for the Steelers. The Miami Dolphins just moved Ron Lee from tight end to tackle because Ron couldn't control his weight at all. I could easily see myself doing



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that. It doesn't take as much agility to play tackle. That's not a putdown on tackles, but it doesn't take as much agility to play tackle as it does to do what I've been doing. But then again, if I came back and I had lost most of my ability, I would probably just retire.

IS: Knowing your power-of-positive-thinking approach, it's probably something you don't think about very much.

KW: I don't think about it because I believe in my heart that my *not* ever playing tight end again is a very remote thing.

IS: You signed a new contract recently, correct?

KW: Yes, a five-year deal—just six weeks before I hurt my knee.

IS: Is injury protection part of the contract?

KW: All of it is guaranteed. I have an insurance policy that covers me on and off the field 24 hours a day. That was one of the things we renegotiated. I insisted on it, in fact. I wanted peace of mind. I wanted to know I wasn't going to be here today and gone tomorrow.

IS: Do you collect the full amount of the contract in the event you never play again?

KW: Exactly.

IS: You held out last summer and even "retired" for a week. What was that all about?

KW: I had two years left on my original contract. So I took some heat from the press here. They kept saying a deal is a deal—despite the fact I'd been promised something else by our former owner, Gene Klein. If I'd come back and taken my chances, as they suggested, and this had happened, where was I then? So I stood my ground and was lucky enough to come away with a new deal.

IS: The guaranteed contract raises an intriguing question. How would you feel collecting money for doing nothing?

KW: I think about that every Monday when I get paid now. But I feel my new job is rehabilitation, so I pour all my energy into doing that.

IS: What about two years down the road—how will you feel then?

KW: I'll still feel good.

IS: Like you're earning it?

KW: Sure, because if I don't do something to get my knee better I'll be cheating myself, the Chargers, and the people who love to see me play. If I face the realization that, Kellen, you just don't have it, I want it to be because it wasn't something I'd failed to do. I want to be able to say I did everything I was supposed to do and more. I'm going at this the same way I play football—all out.

IS: How's the progress so far?

KW: I'm getting a lot of strength back in the leg and around the knee. I rehab twice a day. You know, even during camp I never really practiced twice a day [laughs].



Winslow was on his way to a record-breaking season.

IS: What everyone needs in a situation like yours is a support system, psychologically and emotionally. Where are you getting yours?

KW: I talk to God. I talk to my fiancée, Yolanda. I talk to my parents; I'm very close to them. Yolanda and I went to high school together. Kindergarten, too, to tell you the truth. Also, I think about little Kellen here, and about another son I have in Kansas City. They keep me going.

IS: How are you keeping busy?

KW: I'm involved in several business interests. And I'm going to L.A. to work on an album project.

IS: What kind of album?

KW: R & B. I sing, you know.

IS: How long have you been singing?

KW: About 3½ years.

IS: Professionally?

KW: I've done some club dates. I'm solo now, but we used to have a group called the High Five. The members were Fred Dean, John Jefferson, Leroy Jones, Charles Durnett, and me. I'm the only one still with the Chargers. We did an album that never went anywhere, but we had a lot of fun.

IS: Can you explain why the Chargers have

not reached the Super Bowl with such a powerful offensive machine?

KW: The reasons we haven't gone are, one, a bombardment of injuries and, two, bad personnel moves.

IS: Such as trading Fred Dean?

KW: Fred Dean. John Jefferson. I really believe the Chargers nosedived when we let Fred go because of money. Fred was relatively quiet, but he was a leader by example. And he made everybody in the defensive line much better than they really were.

IS: He also makes a lot of quarterbacks nervous.

KW: Does he ever! They'd throw the ball up before they wanted to. You could see it in their faces—"I've got to watch my blind side." See, you can't win in the NFL if you can't pressure the quarterback. I don't care who's in the pocket. Anybody can pick apart a secondary if they have the time.

IS: You're known as a courageous player. Whose courage do you admire?

KW: Walter Payton.

IS: You didn't hesitate at all.

KW: No reason to. For most of his career he took on the NFL with no offensive line.

IS: Let's talk about your coach, Don Coryell,

the brains behind Air Coryell. The rap against him is that he's an offensive whiz who could care less about defense.

KW: Well, he does spend most of his time with the offense. Don knows about defense. But his heart and soul is with the offense.

IS: Is he a player's coach?

KW: I think so. He's not a George Allen, because George had his hands on the money, too. But Don likes to mingle with the players. I think the bottom line is he's a classic example of a great coach who needs a helluva defensive coordinator.

IS: You're widely viewed as the best tight end in football. Are you?

KW: I like to think of myself as one of the better ones.

IS: Very humble indeed.

KW: And out of character, too [laughs]. Seriously, there are tight ends who run faster than I do.

IS: Who?

KW: Todd Christensen, for one. There are also guys quicker than I am—like Ozzie Newsome. Also the kid with Detroit, David Lewis. And there are tight ends stronger than I am. Eric Sievers, my teammate, is strong as a horse. Our third tight end, Pete Holohan, bench-presses close to 400 pounds. I do about 350. Pete might even have better hands than I do because of the way he catches the ball, so easy and relaxed. But I don't think there are any tight ends who combine the total package.

IS: If you're not the strongest, quickest, or fastest, how do you catch so many balls?

KW: Because if you list the 10 fastest tight ends, I might be No. 5. I might be No. 3 in quickness. And so on. I rate in all the categories.

IS: What about the intangibles?

KW: Well, I love to play. It's that simple. When a ball is coming in my direction, it's mine. Plus it helps to be 6'5", 248.

IS: Finally, how about a prediction on the rest of Kellen Winslow's career?

KW: I see Kellen Winslow coming back and helping the Chargers to the Super Bowl in 1985 and hopefully regaining a standard he'd set before the injury. I also see him chasing Charlie Joiner's all-time receiving record.

IS: Can you break it?

KW: I think I can. Last year I looked at Charley Taylor's old record of 649 catches over 13 years and said, "Kel, if you stay healthy you can do this in eight or nine years." If I'm able to recover and play long enough to break a fantastic record, and help the Chargers to a Super Bowl along the way, what more could I ask for? ■

A sports anchor at KCOP-TV in Los Angeles, TED GREEN has knees that are just good enough for nine holes. His last piece for I.S. was on Marcus Allen and Eric Dickerson.

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McEnroe has no discernable weakness in his game, but the stats say nothing about his tempestuous nature.



Raging Genius

John McEnroe's lofty talent and will to win puts him far atop the tennis universe, and he gets the nod as the top athlete of '84



AT THE AGE OF FIVE, WOLFGANG Amadeus Mozart was composing concertos and sight-reading serenades. At the age of five, John Patrick McEnroe was rhythmically "connecting" a plastic bat to a wiffle ball.

At an early age Mozart was taken on tours of Europe by his father, Johann Georg Leopold Mozart. At an early age John McEnroe was not yet gracing Europe with his talents, but McEnroe's hand-eye coordination was turning heads in Central Park in New York City.

By the age of six Mozart performed his own and others' works on several instruments, improvising and playing difficult, unfamiliar compositions. By the age of six McEnroe developed a classical mixture of athletic skills by participating in soccer, football, baseball, and basketball. But he didn't pick up a tennis racket before the age of eight and never hit the courts full time until he

played No. 1 for Stanford his freshman year in 1977.

Early in his life Mozart became proficient on the harpsichord, violin, and, later, the pianoforte. John McEnroe excelled in tennis long before he played professionally, and became proficient in a variety of other sports. He borrowed swift footwork, balance, and agility from soccer; hand-eye coordination, reflex, and anticipation from baseball; the accuracy, mental alertness, and peripheral vision that it takes to complete a pass on a football field; and explosiveness, speed, and endurance from the basketball court—an orchestration, if you will, of variations and techniques—a mixture of genius.

By virtue of the extraordinary quality of Mozart's broad achievements in opera, symphonies, chamber music, and piano concertos, he became one of the greatest musical geniuses of all time.

By virtue of his dominance in the tennis

By Ann Liguori

world and his consistent, broad achievements in professional tennis, McEnroe is now regarded as a tennis genius, and there can be little doubt that John McEnroe was the outstanding athlete of the past year.

Anyone who even cursorily follows tennis is aware of the way McEnroe dominated professional tennis in 1984. He compiled 70 victories and two defeats (not including his outstanding Davis Cup record)—13 tournament championships in all in 1984, only losing in the finals of the French Open and in Cincinnati. The summer of '84 took Mac to his third Wimbledon title, his fourth U.S. Open title, his second Grand Prix Master's title, his fourth WCT championship, his third U.S. Pro Indoor title, and his second WCT Tournament of Champions crown.

In doubles, he and partner Peter Fleming are four-time Wimbledon champions, three-time U.S. Open champions, six-time Grand Prix Masters champions. They captured nine of 11 tournaments in 1984, not including the Davis Cup.

But let's get to the highlights. McEnroe's 1984 match record against Jimmy Connors and Ivan Lendl—the only two players on the tour who occasionally threaten the perimeters of his genius—is 11 wins and one loss. In the six times he beat Connors in 1984, McEnroe lost a total of only three sets. In the five of six matches in which he beat Lendl in 1984, McEnroe lost only one set.

But perhaps the best display of this 24-year-old child prodigy's abilities were witnessed at the All-England Club, Wimbledon 1984. McEnroe's Wimbledon performance was flawless, a once-in-a-lifetime spectacle. It was as close to a perfect performance as a tennis match can get. When tennis great Connors makes only 12 unforced errors to McEnroe's seven unforced errors, that's an indication of how superior a match the 1984 Wimbledon final was. McEnroe's "all-court" dominance scorched the British grass, as he became the first American man since Don Budge (1937-38) to win consecutive Wimbledon singles titles. McEnroe and Bill Tilden are the only Americans to win three times. In giving up only four games to Connors, McEnroe created the most one-sided Wimbledon final since Budge destroyed Bunny Austin 6-1, 6-0, 6-3 in 1938.

COMPUTENNIS, A STATISTICAL service run by William Jacobson that not only diagnoses a tennis player's strengths and weaknesses but forecasts trends and does in-depth analysis, reveals just how complete McEnroe's domination of men's tennis is. Comparisons with his nearest rivals—Connors, Lendl, and Mats Wilander—show that in five key areas: first-serve points won, second-return points won, winner-error ratio for all strokes (the



Is McEnroe coming closer to an explosion he'll regret?

number of winners to the number of errors, both forced and unforced), and net-play effectiveness, McEnroe leads the pack by significant margins (see chart on p. 30). Moreover, in a comparison study that summarizes McEnroe's performance at Wimbledon as opposed to those of Lendl and Connors, McEnroe rated "strengths" in every category and rated no "weaknesses." He absolutely dominates the service game. He is under pressure on fewer than half of his service games and wins more than 80% of these games.

But what is it that elevates McEnroe's play so far above that of his opponents? Arthur Ashe, coach of the United States Davis Cup

team, takes a stab at explaining McEnroe's genius. "He has better feel for the racket than anyone I've ever seen play the sport. It's his talent, his hand-eye coordination, his foot-eye coordination, and his will to win."

Ashe marvels at McEnroe's volley. "He never bends his knees, and bending your knees is classic volley lore," Ashe says. And as Ashe stood up to demonstrate with an imaginary racket, he continued: "You bend your knees, bring the racket up, tilt it away from you, and push through the ball. McEnroe does not bend his knees. He comes up, but he has got such feel for the racket, he can bend it any direction he likes and can make it do anything he wants."

Computennis stats confirm the magical penetration of McEnroe's volleys. More so than any other player McEnroe uses his strengths to his best advantage. Being a superb tennis strategist, he puts himself in the *best possible position* to hit winning shots. His winner/error ratio on all strokes is clearly superior to that of Lendl and Connors (see chart). McEnroe instinctively understands what many of the best shot-makers do not—that it is *easier to win points at net than from the backcourt*.

Computennis statistics reveal that McEnroe has *no discernible weakness* in his game. His overall unforced error rate is only 13%. Several of McEnroe's other outstanding weapons, compiled in 26 matches in 1984 include:

- First-serve points won, 82%.
- Second-serve points won, 55%.
- Second-return points won, 62%.
- Forehand volley winner/error ratio, 1.63, which means McEnroe had 16 winners for every 10 errors on forehand volleys.
- Advances to net, 39% of all points, winning 71% of these.
- Winning 50% of all points with forcing shots.

McEnroe has no obvious side weaknesses, either. Most players have stronger forehands or backhands to the deuce or ad court. All of McEnroe's statistics fall within narrow ranges, both on serve and on return. It is very difficult for an opponent to hurt him.

McEnroe also maintains extraordinary control of points against big hitters on fast surfaces and against steady baseliners on clay. He accomplishes this by *attacking*, hitting the ball early on slow surfaces or using his opponent's pace on fast surfaces.

McEnroe performs extraordinarily well under pressure. He wins more pressure games (81%)—games in which his opponent is within two points of winning—and return games (52%) than the best of his adversaries.

One can question McEnroe's physical strength compared to that of the "finely chiseled" muscular athletes. How does one who is not exactly Mr. Olympus beat so many more muscular athletes? "The way McEnroe looks and comparing that to the way society pictures athletes is a misconception," says Ashe. "There are plenty of people who are built with defined muscle groups who are not good athletes at all. John has a low center of gravity, which helps him get around the court very quickly. He is deceptively fast and his balance is exceptional." McEnroe can be in balance while in midair—which is difficult—hence his superior backcourt and net movement.

"The only physical weakness I see," says Ashe, "is that I don't think he has conditioned

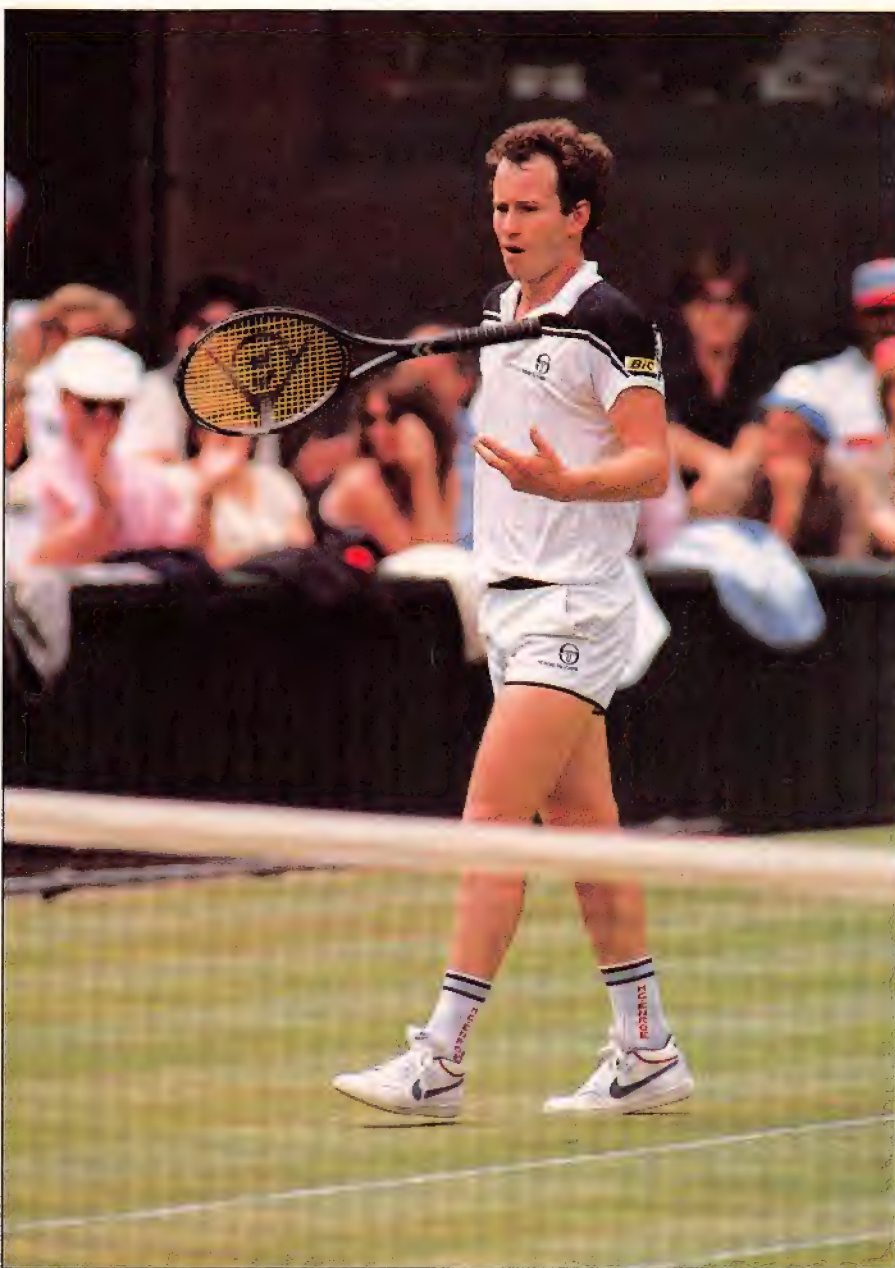
his muscle groups for long-term play on clay, which is a different sort of conditioning." A good case in point is the 1984 French Open final, when McEnroe was up two sets and lost to Ivan Lendl, 3-6, 2-6, 6-4, 7-5, 7-5. McEnroe admitted that he got tired.

SO WHAT IN JOHN'S COMPOSITION makes him so much better than the rest of the quartet? Unlike Johann Georg Leopold Mozart, who was a violinist, teacher, and composer—as well as the father and *only* teacher of Wolfgang Mozart—John Patrick McEnroe Sr. did not pick up a tennis racket until John Jr. started playing competitively. "Neither his mother nor I have much to do with John's success on the courts," John Sr. says. "He is the one with the basic talents. He is the motivating source behind his game."

The biographers say that the elder Mozart was often criticized for exploiting his son and commercializing his talents. But that is certainly not the case with John Sr. "Our relationship is different," he says. "I don't consider myself his manager or agent." Tennis-related decisions are left up to John Jr. "I just dot the i's and cross the t's," says the elder McEnroe. "It's a different kind of relationship, but I can never stop thinking that I am his father."

Nor did John's parents "push" him into tennis. "As his father," Mr. McEnroe says, "I'm absolutely delighted with his success and very proud of all my sons. I still pinch myself now and then. As parents we certainly were not raising a professional athlete. We just wanted to raise our three sons to be respected citizens."

John McEnroe Sr. says that he does not



He is like an artist who dabs a color on canvas—no other will do.

pretend to understand the "whys" of his son's success on the court. "He was blessed with drive and God-given talents," he says. "You must combine both—having it with the willingness to do it." He does think that the advantage John Jr. has is the mental side of his game. "It's just natural," the elder Mac says. "He has got a great deal of determination." McEnroe says that John Jr. has always been a little different from the crowd—"very intense, motivated with an acute single-mindedness, always striving and trying."

Bill Maze, who played No. 2 at Stanford the year that McEnroe played there, and who became John's doubles partner and good friend, sums up John's genius in this way: "He has such a desire to win. He's a champion because he figures out ways to beat people." Lendl used to beat John all the time when McEnroe stayed back. "John made it a point to figure out how to beat Lendl and he did," Maze said. "That's a mark of a true champion."

Maze, who is currently the head pro at Olympic Tennis Center in San Francisco, first met McEnroe at Stanford during Maze's junior year, the year before McEnroe came in as a freshman. Maze was playing No. 1 singles at that time. But Maze admits "not remembering having met him," when McEnroe recognized him months later at a Newport, R.I., tournament. McEnroe had just impressed the tennis world by advancing to the semifinals at Wimbledon in 1977. "I thought it was great that McEnroe, who calls me 'Willie' for Willie Mays, remembered meeting me and made a point to come up and say hello," Maze recalls. "I admired him for coming to Newport and sticking to his commitments"—after such a fine performance at Wimbledon. John was actually at Wimbledon in '77 to compete in the junior tournament but did so well as a qualifier in the main draw that he didn't even play the juniors. Not only did he become the only qualifier to reach the men's semifinals, he became the youngest male semifinalist in Wimbledon history.

Maze looked back at those days during his last year at Stanford when he dropped to No. 2 singles behind McEnroe. "I didn't think he was *that* good at first, although I knew he had some magic in those hands," Maze said. "I guess I didn't think he'd rise so quickly. I felt like I had some chances at beating him."

"The main strength was his serve," Maze recalled. "In college he stayed back at least 50% of the time on his second serve." He remembers McEnroe as being more of a "scrapper" from the baseline then, along with not serving well to the forehand corners but very well into the body. "Now his serve is so impossible to break. And he has always had a great return," Maze adds.

Mac and "Willie" were undefeated dou-

ble's partners that year until losing in the NCAA double's semifinals to Kevin Curren and Gary Plock. Maze says he and McEnroe both played poorly, having met each other in the semis of the single's tournament right before the double's match. "It was a tough match, and afterward, for the first time, I think something affected our [doubles] chemistry," Maze recalls. McEnroe went on to beat John Sadri in a five-setter to take the NCAA title, but that seemed to be the only instance when team chemistry with McEnroe did not end with a crescendo.

"The year that John played at Stanford was the best year we had," Maze adds. "There was just so much unity with John. He really cared about the team—it was so much fun having such a good team," Maze says.

Stanford coach Dick Gould seems to agree that All-America McEnroe brought harmony

to Stanford along with his art. "John was such a great team player," Gould says. "He'd be the first guy on court to console or congratulate a teammate. And everyone knows that he is a tremendously competitive person with a very fierce loyalty to team doubles. John has always been one of the greatest competitors I've ever seen. If I was in Vietnam in a trench I'd want John to be in there with me. His ability to function under pressure—to have the guts to go for the shots he goes for is unbelievable."

Gould says that McEnroe had the "touch" back in college but did not have the "overwhelming" confidence. He says that McEnroe's second serve was not anywhere as effective as it is now and that it was not as natural for John to serve and volley.

Coach Gould agreed that McEnroe's one and only year at Stanford was valuable, as

The Dimensions of McEnroe's Genius

Computennis statistics reveal that McEnroe has no discernable weakness in his game. Most players have stronger forehands or backhands to the deuce or ad court, but all of McEnroe's exceptional statistics are within narrow ranges, both on serve and on return.

Service Games

	Men's Average	Below Average	Average	Above Average	Very Strong
Percent 1st Serve Points Won	68.1%				81.9%
Percent 1st Serve Deuce Court Points Won	68.1%				80.9%
Percent 1st Serve Ad Court Points Won	68.0%				82.9%
Percent 1st Serves In	59.3%			64.3%	
Percent 2nd Serve Points Won	49.8%		55.3%		
Percent 2nd Serve Deuce Court Points Won	49.9%		53.9%		
Percent 2nd Serve Ad Court Points Won	49.6%			57.0%	
Serve Pressure Experience	64.0%				40.4%
Percent Serve Pressure Games Won	59.8%				87.5%

Return Games

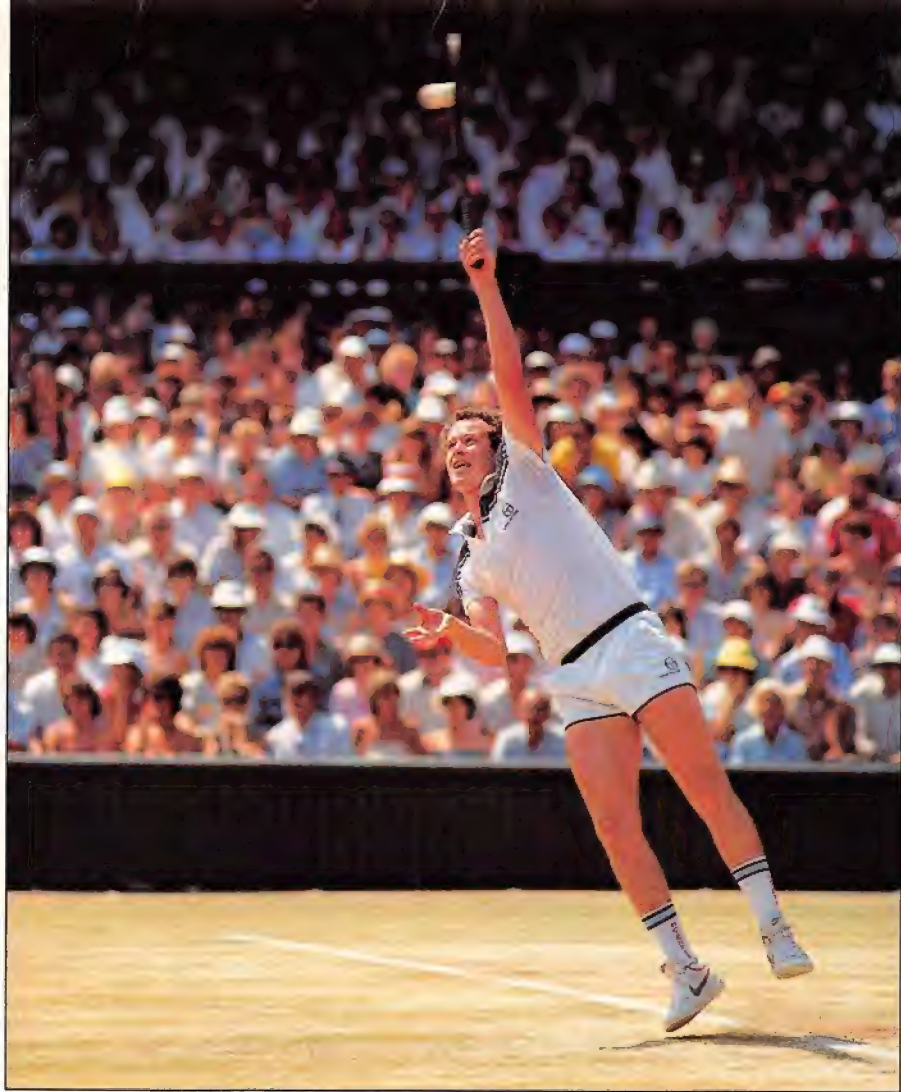
Percent 1st Serve Return Points Won	31.9%				37.6%
Percent 2nd Serve Return Points Won	50.2%				62.1%
Percent Forehand Returns in Play	77.1%		73.2%		
Percent Backhand Returns in Play	78.5%		73.4%		
Percent Forcing Returns	14.5%				31.9%
Return Pressure Exerted	64.0%				77.1%
Percent Return Pressure Games Won	41.1%			52.7%	

Stroke Proficiency

Forehand Win/Error Ratio	0.40				1.14
Backhand Win/Error Ratio	0.32				1.07
All Groundstrokes Win/Error Ratio	0.37				0.93
Forehand Volleys Win/Error Ratio	1.28			1.63	
Backhand Volleys Win/Error Ratio	0.92			1.09	
All Net Play Win/Error Ratio	1.32			1.63	
All Strokes Win/Error Ratio	0.52				0.95

Strategy and Success

Percent All Points Advancing To The Net	42.4%	39.6%			
Percent All Net Points Won	60.7%				71.6%
Percent All Backcourt Points Won	44.5%				57.3%
Percent Points Won With Forcing Shots	33.2%				50.2%



McEnroe's 'capacity to maintain concentration is genius.'

the year seemed to serve as a transition to his extraordinary attacking game. That one year seemed to be a starting point for the three key improvements that have become the foundation of McEnroe's phenomenal success—the penetration of his second serve, his volley, and his movement to the net after return of serve.

Gould admits that it would not have been practical for McEnroe to have put in a second year at Stanford. "He was certainly ready for the pros," said Gould. McEnroe went out to confirm his readiness by earning \$1 million in prize money his first year on the circuit. Besides, McEnroe could not have gotten the "practice" with collegiate players that he got during match play in the professional ranks.

The fact that John is not a practice maniac is common knowledge. According to coach Gould, even in college McEnroe was never the first on the court to practice or the last one to leave. In fact, one of Gould's most humorous recollections of McEnroe "practicing" was when he noticed McEnroe and Maze attempting a crosscourt-down-the-line drill in which they could not keep the ball going more than four times over the net.

"They didn't know I was watching and they seemed to be cracking up about it too," Gould recalls.

AN EXCESSIVE PRACTICER McEnroe is not, but does genius need an abundance of practice, or just the right mixture of mental and physical stimuli on the court to produce magical shots? It seems as though McEnroe's melody is expressed solely in match play—where it counts. He is, in more ways than one, a true economist of effort and style.

More emphasis must be focused on McEnroe's eternal desire to improve his game. Vitas Gerulaitis, ranked No. 17 by the Association of Tennis Professionals, and a close friend of John's, says that "believe it or not, McEnroe has not even come close to his full potential." Although it is hard to imagine anyone getting much better, John frequently says that he hopes and wants to improve further. "That's what it's all about," he says, "to try to keep yourself motivated." He still thinks he can accomplish more in tennis, that his serve percentage can improve along with his movement in the backcourt, as well as developing a harder volley. "Sometimes I

have a tendency to just push it back and give the guy a second chance, but I feel like I'm getting better, so I'm on the right track," McEnroe says.

McEnroe is instinctively aware of where his game can improve. He does not stop at "good is good enough." Although he dominated tennis in 1983 as well as 1984, this past year has certainly not given him the attitude of being content and at the end of the road.

He knows that he can fine-tune his offensive weapons—his serve and positional play—and improve his backcourt game. His vulnerability crops up when his first serve lapses against a top player; for example, against Ivan Lendl in the 1984 French Open final. Computennis stats show that when McEnroe serves 60% in play, he dominates a match.

On slow clay courts he may get impatient or tire as he gets older. But on fast surfaces the only players likely to challenge him in the years ahead are aggressive athletes who understand how to control the opening stroke of a point, and the net, as well as he does.

Arthur Ashe does not think McEnroe has to improve anything. At this point, he says, "it is not a matter of what McEnroe has to improve; now it is what there is left for him to achieve in the sport." And that is to win the French, the Australian, and the Grand Slam. "All of them are worthy goals," Ashe says. "Thirty years later people look back, and when they think of Don Budge today, and Rod Laver, the very first thing that comes to mind is Budge won the Grand Slam; Laver won it twice! Well, Borg did not do that, Connors can't do it. Mac's got a shot at it."

Ashe says he would like to see McEnroe also win the German, the Italian, and the French. "If he does that," Ashe adds, "you shut everybody up—case closed."

OFF THE COURT, McENROE'S coaches and friends describe him as intensely loyal, basically shy, principled, bright, and fun to be around.

McEnroe, however, says that "it's tough to compare tournaments [today] because the circuit has changed drastically in the past few years. People try to build up tournaments—it's so political.

"It's still every player's dream to win the Grand Slam, but if I don't win it I'm not going to worry about it. If I get better and I'm happy and I stay healthy, that's what counts," he says.

McEnroe says he has matured during the past year and has gained a better perspective on how to cope with the pressures of the circuit, being No. 1, and the negative press surrounding him. "It's really hard to relate my life to people," he says. "I can't even explain it to my parents. It's difficult to cope

with all the pressures. You don't have a choice. You've still got to make the best of it."

Last year McEnroe was elected to the board of the governing body of tennis—ATP. Although John does not want to get involved in the politics of tennis, he believes that "all of the players need to band together as a group. The circuit is very disoriented right now—it needs direction. Too many people are trying to control tennis—the wrong people."

"The unfortunate thing is that because tennis is a worldwide sport, it can withstand internal politics."

McEnroe was the first player to contribute to the Stanford University Scholarship Fund, and coach Gould says he has come back on both occasions, although exhausted from his rigorous tennis schedule, to play exhibitions for Stanford fund-raising events.

Vitas Gerulaitis says, "John legitimately enjoys doing charity work." He says that McEnroe will conduct Central Park tennis clinics and stay until all hours, enjoying every minute of it.

McEnroe contributes time to raise funds for the Cystic Fibrosis and Cerebral Palsy Foundations. He participates with the Vitas Gerulaitis Youth Foundation. He has established the John McEnroe Scholarship, which provides educational opportunities for deserving students at Trinity School, where John attended high school. Gerulaitis adds: "A lot of the charity work that John does goes unnoticed. John doesn't particularly want everybody to notice." The man who does so much shouting on court does it quietly.

John McEnroe Sr. is obviously proud of his sons—all three of them. Patrick, the youngest, is competing on the pro tennis circuit, and Mark is an assistant editor for *World Tennis* magazine. But McEnroe Sr. admits that if he could change anything about John's life he would want everything the same, except for the controversy surrounding John's on-court outbursts. "You have to play the cards as they are dealt," he says, "but everyone is entitled to be his own person." He says that life is a combination of many personalities and that life would be very boring if everybody were the same. "Not everyone will be like Bjorn Borg or John McEnroe—that's what makes the game not boring," McEnroe Sr. adds. "A lot of people admired Borg's talents but thought he was rather boring. You have to have this variety—it's a real plus for the game."

Well, we won't go that far—nor will we dwell on the eccentricity that is characteristic of most artists. But we must respect the words of Arthur Ashe, who cannot say enough about McEnroe's genius but fears that one day McEnroe may do something that he will regret for the rest of his life. "My



McEnroe feels he still has not reached his peak in tennis.

biggest fear," Ashe says, "is that he will do bodily harm to someone—not intentionally—but it will happen. That is my biggest fear—that he is going to sail the ball into the

stands like he did in Stockholm . . . he is coming closer."

Ashe says that he has no sympathy for the "perfectionist" excuse. "That does not excuse his genius," he concludes.

Psychologist Bruce Ogilvy, who advised the United States Olympic Team, is a fellow of the American Academy of Sports Medicine and has been working with elite athletes for years. He examines McEnroe's on-court psyche: "When a judgment call violates McEnroe's perceptionist view, it is like a lash across the back for him. He is like the great artist who dabs a perfect color on a canvas—no other color will do, no adaptation will do."

Although Dr. Ogilvy has never met McEnroe, he agrees with individuals who say that John is a sensitive individual off the court. "I'm sure there are times," Ogilvy says, "that he hits *himself* with the racket—he is so distressed." Dr. Ogilvy says that McEnroe "is caught between a rock and a hard place with regard to expectation. All he can do is respond to that moment, to what is to him a disgusting violation of his standard."

Dr. Ogilvy goes further to illustrate McEnroe's loss of control. "In John's computerbank there is no question that the forehand down the line that he just hit, so close to the line, if not on, was a perfect 'expression.' And then to have the linesman

The Scope of McEnroe's Dominance

Computennis statistics show how complete McEnroe's domination of men's tennis is. Comparisons with his three nearest rivals—Jimmy Connors, Ivan Lendl, and Mats Wilander—reveal that McEnroe leads the pack in each of five key areas.

% 1st Serve Points Won

79	McEnroe
74	Lendl
65	Connors
67	Wilander

% Service Pressure Games Won

81	McEnroe
74	Lendl
72	Connors
72	Wilander

% 2nd Return Points Won

58	McEnroe
54	Lendl
54	Connors
50	Wilander

All Strokes win : error ratios

.88	McEnroe
.61	Lendl
.48	Connors
.56	Wilander

Net-Play Effectiveness

32	McEnroe
11	Lendl
16	Connors
10	Wilander

call 'out' is just like hitting him with something, jabbing him—it hurts so bad. So his response is almost like a ruthless surgeon with a scalpel saying, 'My incision was perfect.'"

Dr. Ogilvy says that when John does not appreciate the imperfections of the other players around him, or the possibility that his own perception of the situation was not totally accurate, then begins the scape-goating, and the anger is directed out toward something, a defenseless figure or a referee.

But more on the positive side—Dr. Ogilvy says, "There is no question that John McEnroe is a motor genius." Success to McEnroe is an obsession—a positive obsession.

"What is unique about him is his ability to utilize motor cues with such high-level efficiency," Ogilvy says. "His capacity to maintain concentration and fixated attention is genius." The visual skills complement his reaction time. Dr. Ogilvy describes McEnroe's mastery as the ability to take advantage of any error on the part of his opponent, and his anticipated ability to have that inner sense of knowing how to recover and to recover quickly. Dr. Ogilvy says that all this is "automatic" to McEnroe now.

McENROE SAYS HE IS HONORED to be compared to Mozart, but is still uncomfortable with the "genius" label. "When people come up and say that I'm a genius, it makes me feel good. But what makes me feel the best is when people say, 'You're the reason why I watch tennis.' That recognition plus achievements, Davis Cup, and the money. That's what makes it all worthwhile.

"But it sounds egotistical to say I'm a genius. When people say that, it sounds like they're saying, 'You're the greatest, but you're a little weird. I don't think I'm weird. I don't think I'm weird. No. The word just doesn't hit."

Winning is also automatic to John McEnroe these days. And although he becomes overmodulated at times, the criteria for excellence are based on performance—not unrelated variables—and to McEnroe's superb mastery of his game. Putting his natural gifts together with his understanding of the game is like creating a Mozart opera—a fantasia of tournament results, outstanding statistics, and artistic mastery of his opponents. No other note or adaptation will do. Like Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, he is his own man, soaring to new heights in his corner of the universe. ■

ANN LIGUORI is a radio producer and freelance writer who has been a frequent contributor to numerous tennis publications. When she's not on the court, she enjoys good movies—like "Amadeus."



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August—Willie Randolph
September—Year of the QB
October—Monday Night Madness
December—Ray Meyer/Bear Bryant

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The Blue Devils' Alarie,
the Ramblin' Wreck's Salley,
and the Wolfpack's Webb can
each take his team to the top.

The ACC's Changing of the Guard



*Goodbye Carolina,
goodbye Maryland,
goodbye Virginia.
Hello Duke,
hello Georgia Tech,
hello NC State*

By BARRY JACOBS

BOBBY CREMINS WAS A SOUTH Carolina freshman when a young coach (Vic Bubas) at another Atlantic Coast Conference school (Duke) survived being hanged in effigy to win both his first league title and first berth in the NCAA's Final Four.

Seven years later Cremins himself became a head coach, winning 100 games in six seasons at Appalachian State.

In 1981 Cremins took over at Georgia Tech and quickly raised that program from 4-23 oblivion to regular consideration in the national polls, as well as contention for the school's first ACC title and NCAA bid since joining the league six seasons ago. Of course, none of Tech's players recalls the ancient era when Cremins, now 37, set the pace for Frank McGuire's last great team. Freshman center Antoine Ford, for instance, was born the same month Cremins matriculated at South Carolina.

Through the years, though, one thing has remained constant: Dean Smith, the coach whom Cremins began looking up to as a freshman in 1967, still blocks the way to the top in the ACC. Or has, until this year.

Granted, there are no dynasties anymore in major college basketball, no successors to the UCLA teams of John Wooden that won 10 national titles from 1964 to 1975. Still, at

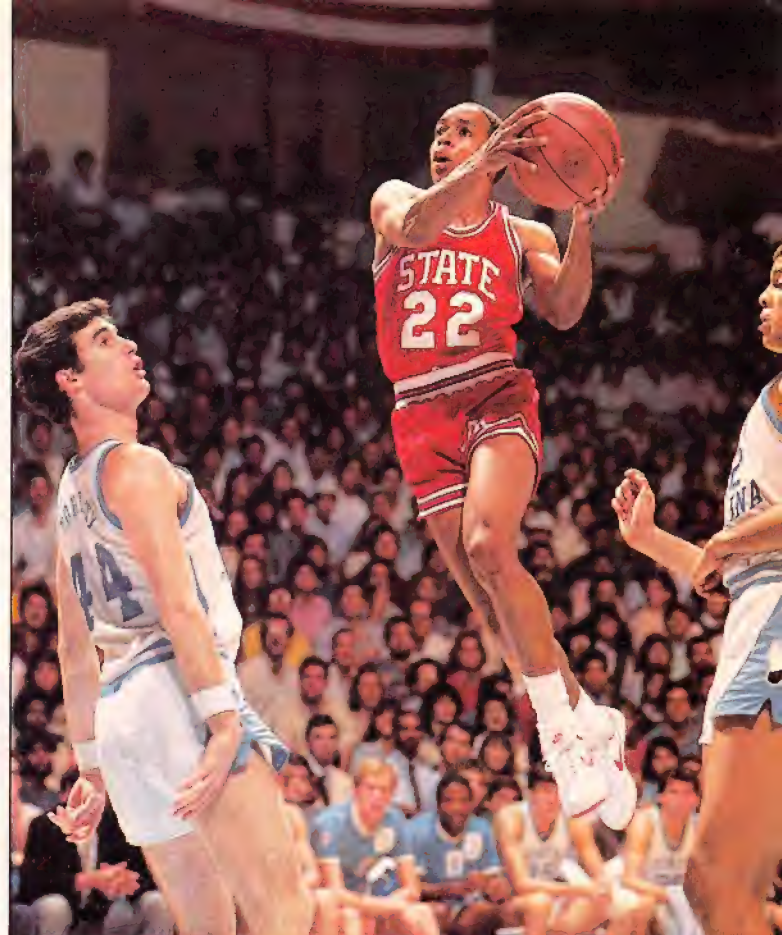
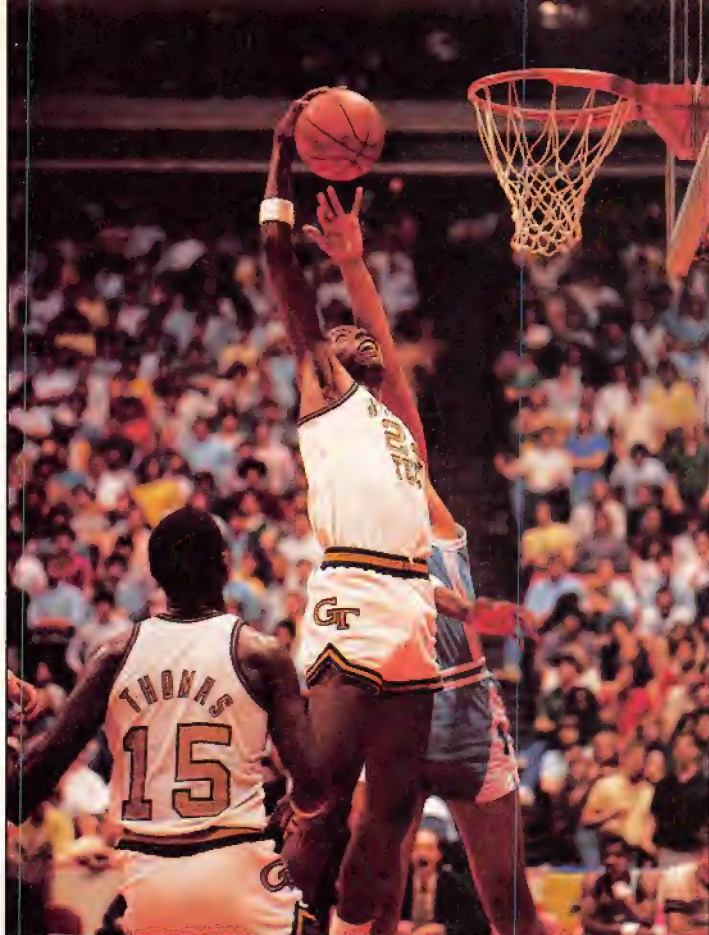
least within the ACC, the nation's most competitive league, they'll tell you Dean Smith has been pulling off a pretty fair imitation of Wooden for quite some time at the University of North Carolina.

Since 1967, Smith's Tar Heels have finished first or second in the ACC every year. On all but four occasions, UNC won either the regular season title or the postseason ACC Tournament. Smith's teams made it to the Final Four seven times during those years, and captured a national title in '82.

Last season the eight-member ACC was stronger than it's ever been. League teams won more than 80% of their games against nonconference opposition, and as a group led the nation in field-goal and free-throw percentage. Virginia, which tied Tech for fifth in the conference, advanced to the Final Four, the fourth year in a row for an ACC team. Wake Forest, which tied Duke for third place in the league, made it to the final eight. Three other ACC schools were invited to the NCAA Tournament, two to the NIT. For the second time in ACC history, no team posted a losing record.

Yet, even this balance of power didn't prevent North Carolina from going 14-0 in the conference last season, the first team in a decade to manage the feat.

Such success is par for the course in Chapel Hill. From 1967 through '84, Smith's teams won 458 games and lost 109, an 80.8 winning percentage. The Tar Heels' average



season record since 1967 is 25-6, a mark bested only 18 times in conference history, and only nine times by ACC schools other than UNC.

Led by John Roche and Tom Owens, South Carolina exceeded the Smith standard in 1970, Cremins' senior season at point guard. In 1973 and '74 the N.C. State teams of David Thompson, Tom Burleson, Tim Stoddard, and Monte Towe were a combined 57-1, winning the '74 NCAA title. Lefty Driesell's best teams at Maryland, featuring John Lucas, Len Elmore, and Tom McMillen, surpassed the Smith standard in 1972, '74, and '75. Terry Holland's Virginia teams with Ralph Sampson also bested the Heel hallmark for 1981 to '83.

And that's it.

Remarkably, while the other four schools saw their greatest success with a single nucleus of players, Smith's success at North Carolina has been virtually continuous. Even in the throes of what passes for his dry spells—from 1973 to '75 and 1978 to '81—Smith's teams averaged 23 wins per season, won the ACC Tournament three times, won the regular season title once, and made it to the NCAA finals against Indiana in '81.

"Well, think how many times we've been lucky to win some close games," Smith responds, keeping a straight face. "We've had a solid program, obviously, but any one of those years we could have been third or fourth or fifth just as easily."

However tenuous North Carolina's grip on the ACC (an 18-year-long coincidence, perhaps?), it has become as much a fact of life for other teams and coaches as the size of the basketball court.

This season, though, liberation appears to be at hand. Gone from 1984's 28-3 squad are Michael Jordan, Sam Perkins, and Matt Doherty, who between them led the Tar Heels in scoring, rebounding, steals, shooting percentage, shots taken, clutch performances, minutes played, and most anything else you care to mention. Smith has not experienced similar devastation since 1973, when he lost three-quarters of his scoring and rebounding strength, yet finished second in the league and 25-8 overall thanks to an off-year at most other ACC schools and the presence of Bobby Jones, George Karl, and freshman Mitch Kupchak in Carolina blue.

Not that North Carolina has fallen upon hard times. Smith's collection of blue-chip players is far from exhausted; after all, it was only two years ago that he signed what was considered one of the top recruiting classes in the nation, and he is well on his way to duplicating that feat this year.

No, the big news is that despite North Carolina's continued strength, its days of supremacy in the ACC may be over.

The threat comes not from Smith's familiar adversaries—Driesell, Holland, and Wake Forest's Carl Tacy, who between them have

bested North Carolina only 24 times in 90 attempts. (Entering this season Smith had a 75.9 winning percentage against current ACC coaches.) The three veteran coaches are regrouping this season, and, if truth be known, have never posed more than a passing problem for Smith's teams.

Instead, it appears the challenge to Tar Heel hegemony comes from three of the ACC's youngest coaches, Duke's Mike Krzyzewski, N.C. State's Jim Valvano, and Tech's Cremins. (The eighth league coach, Clemson's Cliff Ellis, is in his first year after coming from the University of South Alabama to replace Bill Foster, now at Miami.)

All three coaches are in their late 30s. All three grew up in major cities (Cremins and Valvano in New York, Krzyzewski in Chicago). All three played for coaches who have had considerable experience—and success—against Smith and his teams: Krzyzewski for Indiana's Bobby Knight at Army, Valvano for South Carolina's Bill Foster at Rutgers, and Cremins for McGuire, whom Smith succeeded at North Carolina. All three were playmakers in college. And all three have stepped into difficult situations and prospered.

DUKE'S ALUMNI WERE IN town for an old-timer's game. Many of the school's All-Americans showed up—Jeff Mullins, Jack Marin, Jim Spanarkel, Randy Denton, Mike Lewis.

In all, 32 former Blue Devils were on hand to quake, rumble, and roll in that garden of unheavenly delights, 45-year-old Cameron Indoor Stadium.

Among the 32, only recent walk-on Larry Linney was black.

"I was wondering if the guys were boycotting, or what?" Krzyzewski says, a sardonic touch to his voice.

The Durham, N.C., school was not the last in the ACC to integrate its basketball team. That honor belongs to Virginia, which did not get around to breaking the color barrier until 1972. But with its small student body (approximately 5,700) and high academic standards, Duke has lagged behind the rest of major college basketball in attracting topnotch black athletes.

In fact, Duke's first important black basketball recruit was Gene Banks, now with

Duke. His first team, inherited when Foster left for South Carolina, made it to the 1981 NIT. Arriving on the scene late, Krzyzewski recruited one benchwarmer. After his second squad fell to 10-17 he recruited four second-echelon players, placing but not winning in races for the services of St. John's Chris Mullin and Bill Wennington, Indiana's Uwe Blab, and Virginia's Jim Miller.

With rumbles growing that he couldn't recruit in the big time, Krzyzewski landed the nation's top-rated group of freshmen for the 1983 season, and proceeded to start four of them. Duke finished 11-17, concluding its year by losing to Virginia, 109-66, the biggest margin in ACC Tournament history.

As the '84 season began, public patience with Krzyzewski's rebuilding efforts was growing thin. Then, suddenly, everything fell into place.

was getting Duke players to execute his system, a Knightish formulation featuring a fluid motion offense and a man-to-man defense that leaves opponents muttering about the game's roughness.

Krzyzewski is in a sense a technician, belief in his system being the central truth of his basketball universe. Thus, even when he might have ameliorated Duke's weaknesses by playing a zone during the 17-loss '83 season, he sacrificed immediate victory in favor of the lasting gratification he doggedly insisted adherence to his system would bring.

"What you do with the people after they get into the program is how your system develops," he explains. "In order to stay at a level, if you can have a system and be lucky enough—not lucky enough," he corrects himself, "—and work hard and be successful enough to recruit players for that system, you don't switch systems, and the kids can develop with that system. Then they have a better chance of improving. And that's what programs like North Carolina and Indiana have done. Their systems have stayed the same."

Krzyzewski's success in establishing his variant of the Indiana system on North Carolina's doorstep manifested itself last season in every game the teams played.

In the teams' first meeting, when the young Blue Devils were still learning their own strength, they led UNC until Michael Jordan turned on full burners in the waning moments of the game. By the end of the regular season, it took the Tar Heels three overtimes to subdue Duke at Chapel Hill. Two games later Duke defeated North Carolina in the ACC Tournament, the only loss the Tar Heels suffered all season to a conference team.

This year the Devils returned their top six players. The addition of two blue chip freshmen, forward Billy King and guard Kevin Strickland, provided needed depth, especially in the backcourt, where last season leading scorer Dawkins played 1,306 minutes, the most in the ACC in at least five years. In only one game did Dawkins play less than 34 minutes; he averaged 39.4 minutes in ACC games. On the three consecutive days of the ACC Tournament, Dawkins played 119 of a possible 125 minutes, running out of gas in the second half of the finals against Maryland.

As for North Carolina's pre-eminence, Krzyzewski sees an antidote in the league's ever-increasing balance.

But, like other ACC coaches, he casts a wary eye toward Smith's prowess at attracting the Jordans, James Worthys, and Walter Davises of the world. "The thing that upsets balance is an exceptional recruiting year or an exceptional player. And the two are a bit



Cremins' players are intensely loyal to the 'Gray Fox.'

the San Antonio Spurs, a freshman on the 1978 team that catapulted from last in the ACC to the national finals against Kentucky.

Since Krzyzewski's arrival from West Point in 1981, Duke has recruited as many blacks as it had in its entire previous history. This year's squad is evenly divided by race, the first time that's ever happened at Duke.

It is this ability to attract top players from the limited pool already imposed by Duke's academic standards that helps brighten Krzyzewski's prospects for the future.

"I can honestly say we've never discussed, 'We need to have so many blacks in our program, so many whites,'" says Krzyzewski. "I have brought up that we need to have a Polish kid every once in a while, but we can't find any guy smart enough."

Until last season Krzyzewski struggled at

Duke ran off to a 22-5 record, tied for third in the ACC, handed UNC its first defeat of the season, reached the ACC Tournament finals, received a bid to the NAAs, and finished 24-10. Mark Alarie, a smooth 6'7" forward who was part of the big '83 recruiting class, was named all-conference. So was guard Johnny Dawkins, a 6'2" scorer and the most highly rated member of Duke's sophomore crew when he was in high school in Washington, D.C.

This season Duke was the preseason favorite to win the ACC title, and rated among the nation's best teams. With a solid nucleus and two well-regarded players already signed for next year, the Blue Devils seem poised to settle in for a stay at the top.

Once Krzyzewski had acquired the talent to compete in the ACC, the key to success

different. A Sampson upsets balance. Sampsons don't come around very often. Or having three or four just great players who all come in during a one- or two-year period."

In Krzyzewski's estimation, Smith has something else important going for him. Call it precedent, or expectation.

"It happens in all sports, where the team that has won and established a tradition appears to get a break. Now I say appears, because most of the time they make their own break. I think what happens is that people playing against them feel that something's going to happen, or the people working the game feel that something's going to happen. And I think the best way to overcome a thing like that is not to make any big thing over it. Again, to concentrate on yourself."

Well, almost.

The biggest brouhaha of the '84 season was touched off when Duke lost to UNC in Durham. In the first half, Duke functionaries ignored a Tar Heel substitution until Smith stormed the scorer's table, angrily banging it with his fist, which caused his team's score to jump 20 points. Smith berated one game official as everyone walked off the court at halftime, yet drew no technical, for which Krzyzewski derided the officials the remainder of the game.

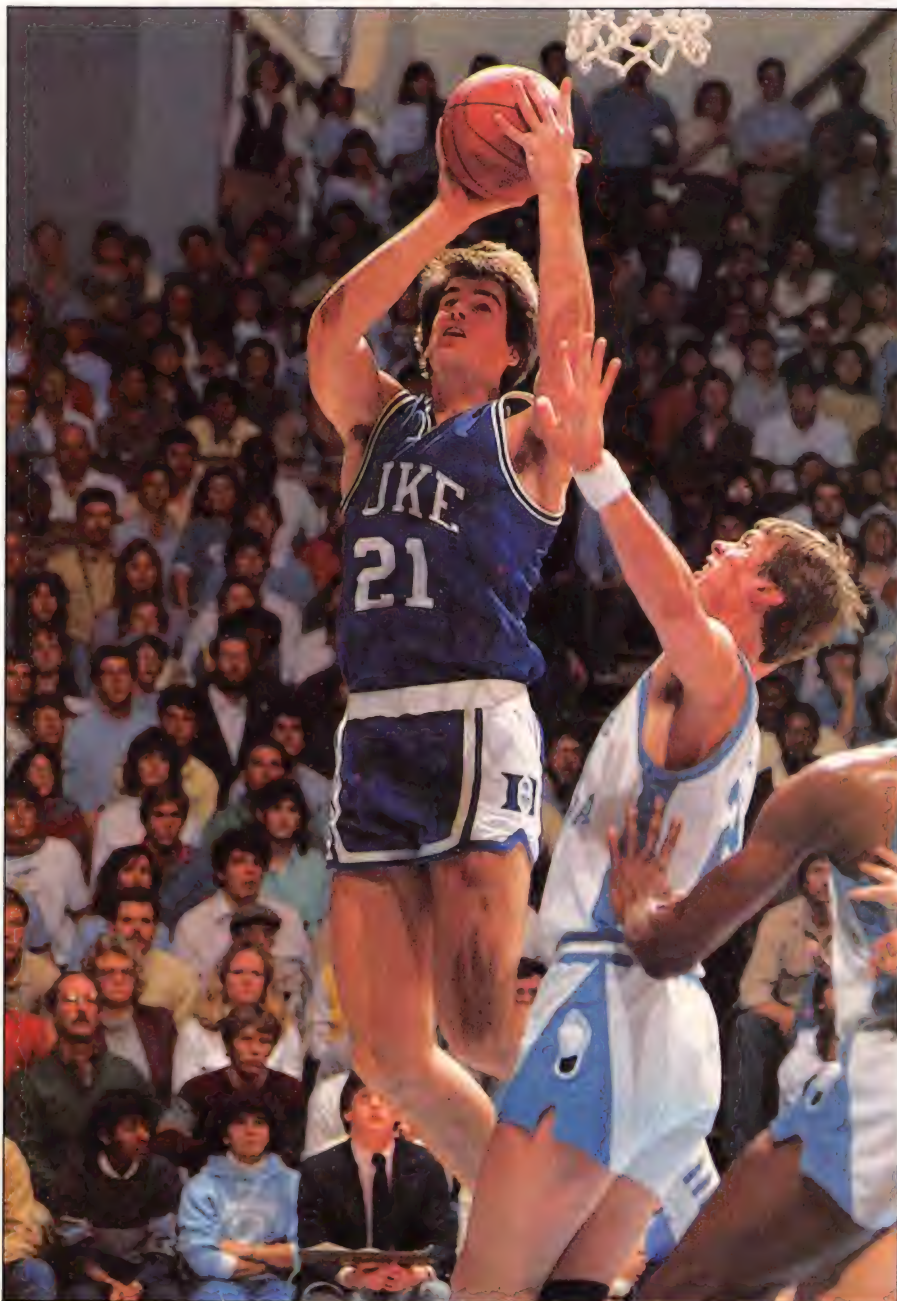
Krzyzewski finally drew a technical foul just prior to the game's conclusion, and afterward denounced a "double standard" he said benefited North Carolina. Smith protested to the league office, which declared everything was fine.

"In that particular game, I felt that one incident was a good example of things not running smoothly or exactly the same for

both squads," recalls Krzyzewski. "I know I was right in that case. I'll do the same thing the next time, if it happens the next time."

PRACTICE HAD NOT YET BEGUN in Georgia Tech's Alexander Memorial Coliseum. The smell of heating oil tinged the air. As his players stood watching, coach Bobby Cremins sat reading a newspaper. Finally his gaze fixed upon 6'4" freshman guard Bruce Dalrymple, the first top 10 prospect he'd ever signed.

"He looked at me," remembers Dalrymple, who went on to become the ACC's 1984 rookie of the year. "He ripped the paper into thirds and gave paper to Craig Neal [another highly rated freshman guard] and me and said, 'Will you eat this paper if I tell you to?' And I said yes. And Craig and I ate the paper and [Cremins] ate the paper."



With Jay Bilas banging inside, Krzyzewski's Devils could walk off with the ACC crown.

Dalrymple tells the story without a hint of amazement or resentment. "He must be doing this for a reason," he recalls thinking. "I trust him."

Such loyalty from his players is as much a Cremins trademark as his ability to teach, his intensity, his recruiting acumen. "He couldn't care less about Bobby Cremins, which is why I love him so much," says outstanding junior point guard Mark Price, Tech's first All-American since Roger Kaiser in 1961.

Cremins also quickly makes clear that he couldn't care less about players' inflated sense of themselves.

Price, the 1982 high school player of the

year in Oklahoma, ahead of Wayman Tisdale, was Cremins' first major recruit at Tech. But that didn't prevent Price from getting cut down to size the first time he defied orders in practice. "When your coaches tell you to get up the tunnel and get out of here, that gets your attention," Price says with a faint smile.

A six-foot shooting guard, Price became the first freshman in ACC history to lead the league in scoring, and was named the conference's 1983 rookie of the year. Equally important, that season he learned the key to the Cremins system: "Hard work. If you don't work hard you don't play for Bobby Cremins. I'm talking practice. I'm talking games. I'm talking anywhere you're at where you put the uniform on."

There is more to it than that, of course. At Tech, Cremins has installed multiple defenses and an offense that, while adept at the fastbreak, is quite proficient at his peculiar halfcourt game. Based on patterned passing, the style evokes Frank McGuire's methods, which were based on "playing intelligently," according to Cremins.

As to where he came up with the nuances of his system the "Gray Fox" looks puzzled and says: "I don't know. I've read a lot. I've been to a lot of clinics. It's something I just picked up. I'm an improviser, not an inventor."

While the intellectual origins of Cremins' coaching may be unclear, its core is not. As a player he was known as a scrapper, a tough guy who managed to rank among the Gamecocks' rebounding leaders despite playing the point. Once a game starts, the cerebral frequently takes a backseat to the visceral where Cremins is concerned. "He's looking for action," says assistant coach George Felton. "During a game, Bobby's coaching and playing at the same time."

That fire enabled Cremins to take a 4-23 team and lift it to 10-16 his first season at Tech. His second year, with Price bombing from long range, and sleeper John (Spider) Salley combing the boards, Tech improved to 13-15 and defeated Maryland for its first ACC Tournament win. For his efforts Cremins was named the league's coach of the year.

Then, last season, Tech arrived, finishing 18-11 to earn a spot in the NIT. Only two narrow losses in overtime prevented the Yellow Jackets from posting their first 20-win season since 1971. Cremins responded by signing five more players, including 6'6" forward Duane Ferrell, a top 10 prospect, and two of the best players in the Atlanta area.

This year Georgia Tech has been dubbed a major power, an appellation Cremins views warily. He is afraid, he confides, that his team is still too young, that jaded Atlanta fans will become disappointed in the Jackets and abandon them. The likely loss of Neal for



'No system' Valvano motivates, cheers, inspires, and leads.

the season with a wrist injury is a serious blow, depriving Tech of backcourt depth essential to give Price and Dalrymple an occasional rest.

Another sort of mindset also worries Cremins. Georgia Tech has about as much basketball tradition as it has snow. First coach, John Heisman. Consensus All-American, Kaiser. NCAA Tournament, 1960. Twenty-win seasons, three in 68 years. That's all, folks.

Building a winning tradition from scratch in the ACC, especially when one aspires to dethrone North Carolina, is no small undertaking.

"I put teams in two categories," says Tech athletic director Homer Rice, who held the same post at UNC from 1969 to 1976. "One is a team that hopes and one is a team that expects." Cremins, he says, is working at establishing an expectation of victory among his players, who entering this season had yet to defeat North Carolina or win more than one ACC road game per year.

"Just the difference between expecting and hoping, you have that little mental edge that carries you over the hump," explains Rice. "Then it carries you over and over."

To get to that mental edge Cremins works his teams hard. Practice sessions are painfully intense at Georgia Tech. On one recent evening he took his big men into an auxiliary gym in Alexander Coliseum and made them literally run again and again into a cinderblock

wall to catch passes he threw as hard as he could.

Less than full effort is rewarded by immediately having to run laps. Plays not executed to perfection are repeated as often as a dozen times until they're right. Sloppy thinking is met with caustic rebukes. "Do you see these two idiots here!?" Cremins, standing at midcourt, shouts at one point. "Do you see what they're doing!?"

Bloody lips and bruised egos are par for the course at a Cremins practice. Yet, somehow, the message comes across that it's all for the best. "He's at the stage where he's always trying to get better," observes Neal. "That helps the players because then they want to get better, too."

Says Rice: "There'll be another Dean Smith coming up to challenge Dean and the rest of the league. I think Bobby Cremins will be one of those challengers."

THE THIRD MAJOR CHALLENGER is fast becoming the most recognizable young coach in basketball. Recently chosen by *Esquire* as one of the nation's top movers and shakers under the age of 40, N.C. State's Jim Valvano already has one national championship under his belt and more commercial irons in the fire than U.S. Steel.

Where Krzyzewski and Smith rely on careful construction, and Cremins blends the charismatic with the systemic, Valvano is an impressionist, more interested in the bold strokes of emotion and personality than in the nuances of zone traps or film studies of upcoming opponents. As he likes to say, "This isn't brain surgery."

Far from it, in Valvano's case.

At State his teams have shown only modest interest in defense. Instead they rely on what he calls a "run and shoot" offense that tries to outbang opponents inside and outscore rather than outplay them.

Since taking over the Wolfpack, Valvano has assiduously courted big men, from 6'7", 255-pound senior All-ACC forward Lorenzo Charles (the "sleeper of the year in the East" in 1981) to 6'11" freshman center Chris Washburn, the top high school pivotman in the nation in 1984. This year's team has seven players at least 6'7" and three guards who stand 6'4" or taller. Valvano has already signed five players at least 6'6" for next season.

Last year's 19-14 State team led the ACC in rebounding. With 11 quality players this season the Wolfpack can be expected to be even tougher inside, gladly giving up fouls as fresh behemoths shuffle in and out of the lineup. "I like guys that get in there and play and cut loose and don't have to worry about fouls," concedes Valvano. "I like 6'7", 6'8", 6'9" kids who are athletes. The team I'd love

to have, I'd like five of those guys out there."

As for a system . . .

"I don't have a system," Valvano says, a bit surprised himself as he thinks it over. "I really play, in a sense, with the players that I have. My coaching is more visceral, shall we say. I don't know. My system depends more on the emotion of the moment. You ask about my vision. Consistency is not as important to me as building towards championships."

State spends three-quarters of its practice time running and shooting. Work is mingled with fun. At the end of one recent workout, while 14 players jogged around the court, Valvano and assistant Tom Abatemarco got down on the floor and wrestled.

That doesn't mean Valvano takes coaching lightly. Others in the profession, from Wooden to Cremins, refer to State's improbable march to the NCAA title in '83 as one of the greatest sideline coaching jobs they've ever seen. Moreover, Valvano is a wonderful motivator, a cheerful seducer who knows how to inspire and lead. It's just that the restless, ebullient son of a coach has too lively a mind, too uncontained a spirit to regard commanding sweaty young men as the consuming interest in his life.

"I still believe what my father once told me, that basketball is a simple game, but it's hard to play well. I think we're trying to keep it simple. The better player you have the better it all comes out, whatever your style of ball is."

Since arriving in Raleigh five years ago Valvano has made a point of paying homage to Dean Smith and his record at North Carolina. But Valvano also has pointed to State's past, from the days of Everett Case to Norm Sloan's 1974 national champions, as evidence the two schools can coexist at the top. "I disagree that we're chasing anybody," he says.

Still, Valvano is happiest commanding the center of attention. To stay there he knows he must confront Smith's uncannily consistent excellence, and prove, as must Cremins and Krzyzewski, that he can keep a team at the top.

"I think that the league is going to be more balanced for a long time. But I don't think that's to say that North Carolina is not going to be first or second," Valvano says.

"I don't know how to predict the future. I think we're solid. I think Duke, Georgia Tech are solid. Carolina's still there. I don't think they're going to go down at all. I think we're all going to play at a very competitive level." ■

BARRY JACOBS *knows the ACC as well as Dean Smith does, and has written a book on the conference, "ACC Basketball: A Fan's Guide." His last piece for I.S. was a profile of baseball's Joe Morgan.*

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Eternal Youth: The Secret in the Pros

By STEVE FIFFER

THEY MAKE AN ODD COUPLE, THE gigantic American basketball player and the diminutive Indian weightlifter. Gold medal winners both, they meet several days a week in a barren Los Angeles "classroom." There, the teacher, Bikram Choudry, winner in the 118-pound weightlifting division at the 1964 Olympics, instructs his pupil, Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, in the art of yoga. At his master's command, Abdul-Jabbar assumes position after position. Many of the configurations look like they would be physically impossible for a child—small, flexible, and young—much less a 37-year-old man who stands 7'2". The longer each position is held, the greater the benefit. There is no 24-second clock here. The workout is painfully demanding.

The end of the session with the yogi does not mark the end of Abdul-Jabbar's exercise regimen. In the past he has run cross country, biked up steep hills, swum in the ocean surf. But last year he discovered the HeavyRope, an 8-foot, 8-inch rubber jump rope filled with sand. Going through his paces he looks like a man doing battle with an uncooperative garden hose, but he claims a five-minute stint with the rope is the equivalent of a 10K run. "It develops your legs and upper body," Abdul-Jabbar says. "My wrists and arms got so strong that I threw my shot off for a while. It's exhausting."

Abdul-Jabbar is the oldest, if not highest paid, player in the National Basketball Association. He has played 16 seasons and scored more points than any man in NBA history. So what makes him spend his summer vacation turning himself into the world's biggest pretzel and jumping rope to the point of no return? "It's simple," he says. "If you want to keep playing the game as you get older, you have to be in excellent physical shape."

New Jersey Devils goalie Chico Resch knows whereof Abdul-Jabbar speaks. Says Resch, who is 36 years old—almost ancient by NHL standards: "They take your switch away from you when you hit 30. The young guys have a switch they can just turn on and off, but if I haven't put a reserve there by training extra hard, there won't be any reserve at all."

You must forgive the people who stop to look

**Five athletes pushing 40 reveal
that their Fountain of Youth
looks more like a puddle of sweat**

twice when passing the tennis court where Resch concludes his offseason workout each day. Armed not with a racket but a goalie's stick and glove, and dressed not in white shorts but goalie's pads and mask, Resch presents quite a spectacle as he crouches in a makeshift goal to battle a barrage of tennis balls rocketed at him from all angles by an odd-looking machine.

You must also forgive Resch, who admits that he frequently thinks twice about getting out of bed each summer's morn to face a grueling program that includes not only netminding but a two-to-three mile run and work on a bicyclelike contraption that is pedaled with the hands to increase upper-body strength. "Sometimes I just don't want to do it at all," says Resch. "It gets pretty darn hot in those pads when the thermometer hits 85 or 90." Remember, this is a man who makes his living on ice.

Abdul-Jabbar and Resch, of course, are not the first players to reach 30 and discover that the fountain of youth is only an offseason puddle of sweat. "Years ago, when the likes of Abe Gibrion played, it might have been possible to hit the banquet circuit after the season and then use the two-a-days at training camp to get in shape," says Tom Oxley, the veteran trainer of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers. "But today there are literally hundreds of players fighting for a few jobs. The veterans know they have to be in peak condition year-round or the younger players will pass them by."

Adds Al Domenico, the Philadelphia 76ers trainer: "Youth is the key today. If you have youth and talent, it's not that difficult to stay in shape. But when you get in that 30-to-32 age bracket, you hit a barrier. After that you really have to work hard to stay fit." On the first day of training camp each 76er has to run a six-minute mile says Domenico: "You can't do that if you haven't been working out. When you look at veterans like Dr. J., you know how much more there is besides natural

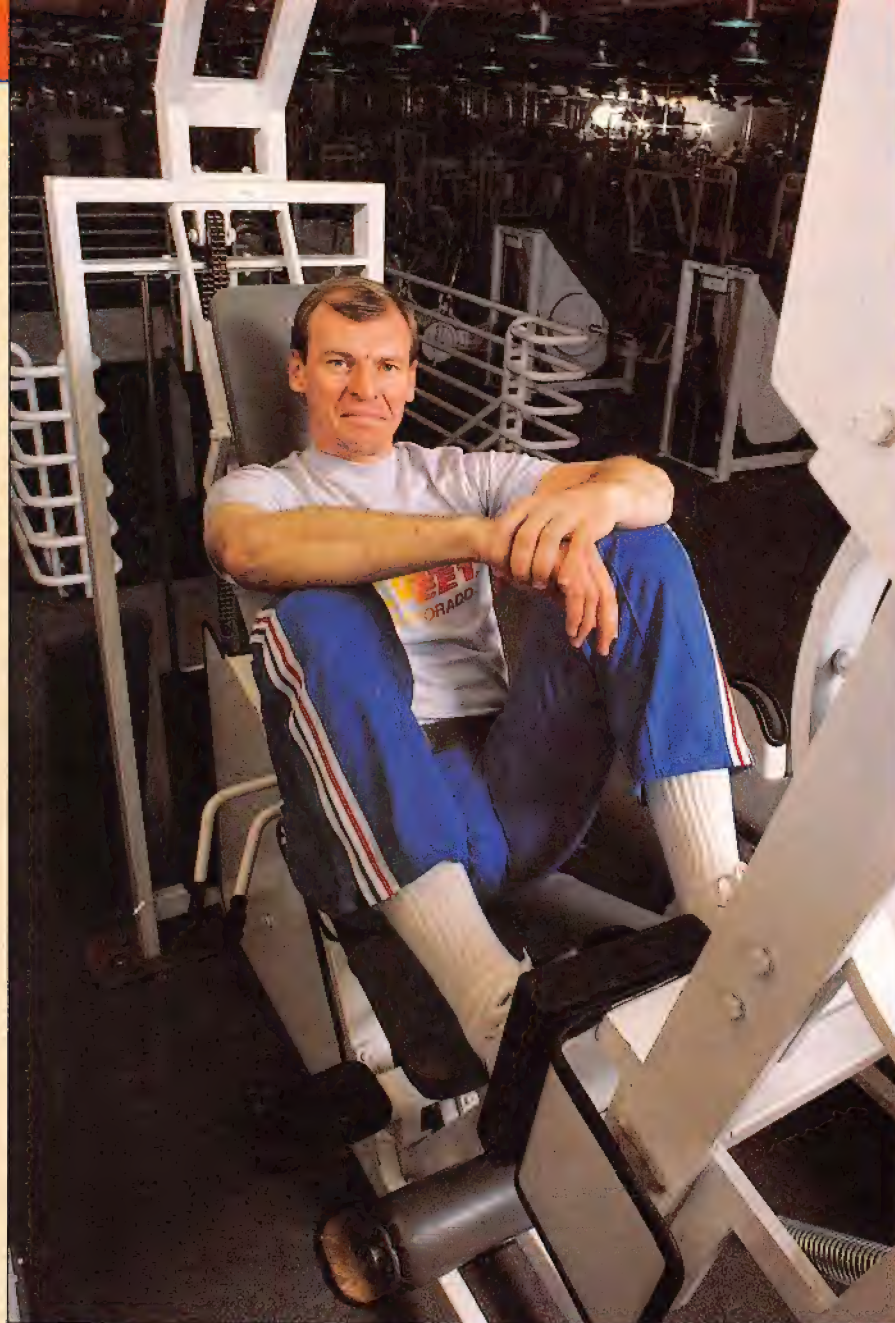
ability, how hard he's busted his ass every day so he's still in shape to compete."

And what motivates today's veteran to "bust his ass" during the offseason? "Greed," laughs Tom Paciorek, the Chicago White Sox outfielder/first baseman who broke into professional baseball in 1968. "You can't make the kind of money you make in sports out in the real world, so it's worth it to stay in condition so you can prolong your career."

Today's high salaries do more than provide an incentive to keep fit. They provide the luxury to do so, too. "When I played, you took a job during the offseason," says Hall of Fame pitcher Don Drysdale. "With the pay what it is now, most players don't have to. They can afford to stay home and spend much of their time working out."

Says Tony Garofalo, the Chicago Cubs trainer, "Baseball and the other major sports have become twelve-month-a-year jobs." The Cubs, like the players on most professional teams, are expected to report to spring training at weights designated by management, and Garofalo, like most trainers, now prescribes a winter exercise program for his charges. Players who live in the Chicago area are "invited" to attend offseason exercise classes in the Cubs' newly remodeled clubhouse in Wrigley Field. The classes, which begin December 1 and extend until shortly before spring training, consist of stretching for flexibility, work with weights, and aerobics. "We have a man lead the aerobics instead of a woman," Garofalo says, "because we want the players to do the exercises, not stare at the instructor."

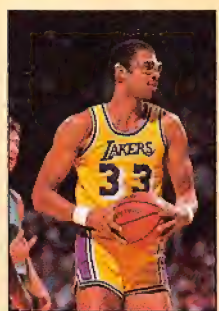
The clubhouse-as-exercise-area is another recent development in sports. "When I broke into hockey in the early '70s, the only equipment around was some hand weights," recalls Resch. "Now there's Nautilus, free weights, the stationary bicycle." The same was true in the NBA. "We had ice and a whirlpool, and that was it," says trainer Domenico. "There's been a tremendous change in conditioning over the last 10 years."



To survive in the sports world today is to understand this change. Recently INSIDE SPORTS talked to five "survivors"—veterans well into their 30s—about the importance of staying fit.

Kareem Abdul-Jabbar

Center, Los Angeles Lakers



After earning Player of the Year and All-America honors at UCLA, where he anchored three NCAA championship teams, Abdul-Jabbar—then Lew Alcindor—was drafted by the Milwaukee Bucks in 1969. He was Rookie of the Year in 1969-1970, and led the Bucks to the NBA championship in 1971. Traded by the Bucks to the Lakers in 1975, he centered the championship teams of 1979-80 and 1981-82. He has been named MVP six times and has played in 14 All-Star

Games. Prior to the start of this season he held the NBA record for points in a career (31,527) and games played (1,170). And he shows little sign of slowing down. Last season he averaged 21.5 points and 7.3 rebounds per game in taking the Lakers to the seventh game of the championship series.

The first three or four years I spent in the league, I didn't work out that much during the offseason; I'd do some work with weights and some stretching right before training camp, but that was it. And I never seemed to be at a disadvantage with other centers. Youth really helps you get by. But if you want to stay in this game as you get older, there is one thing that is 100% essential: training.

Beginning in the summer of 1974 I started running—about three miles a day, five days a week. It wasn't a jog. It was at a pretty good pace. And I really enjoyed it. I'd go cross country, through different parks. I liked being out, away from the phones and other demands. It was good for my heart, lungs, and legs, too.

I had been doing some work with weights in

'I worry my weight will balloon to 300 pounds,' says Denver Nuggets star Dan Issel, who wears out his Nautilus.

Milwaukee, and when I checked out Nautilus. I go you through the whole flexibility isn't hurt. I've tance of being flexible—college and being invol

After coming back to a bike. I'd go out on the pedal up, coast down, was good for the legs a

I've always loved to running and the bicycle yards in the ocean. S nothing like swimming distance is very tiring. That's do you.

About six years ago I started to do yoga. It's hard to say how the yoga helps my game. I guess I can feel the benefits when I stretch for a rebound, but the real benefit is preventive. I don't pull muscles. I've tried to convince other players to take it up, but because they can't see some visible plus, they don't do it. Marques Johnson is the only guy I've been able to persuade.

As you can tell, I try to keep my workout varied, and this past year I found another new program with the HeavyRope. Normally the rope is 8 feet, but mine is made 8 inches longer. The rope comes in weights of 2½, 3½, 5, and 6 pounds, and I use the 6-pounder. Six pounds may not seem like a lot, but when you're jumping with it the centrifugal force makes it seem like 40 pounds.

It's an intense workout. It takes a while to get the knack of jumping with the rope, just controlling it, and the most you can do is 20 or 30 seconds at first. I was worn out after about 15 seconds. In order to control the rope you have to grip it tight, and this means the heart has to get oxygen to the wrists, which are pretty far away. You get a real pump. I've seen great improvement in my cardiovascular endurance, my strength through the middle part of the body, which is so important for jumping, my upper arms, and my pecs and my calves. The first month or so my abdomen and the upper part of the quadriceps hurt, but as I got in better shape that went away.

Ideally, you try to work up to doing five one-minute sets of 90 jumps. By the time the season began I was doing five 40-second sets of 60 jumps. You wait until your heart comes down between each set. A good workout with the rope is the equivalent of a 10K run. That sounds hard to

Resch: 'We realized how conditioning gave the Russians a big edge.'

believe, but it's true. This is serious business. I got so strong it really messed with my shot.

I stopped using the rope when training camp began. Playing and practicing keep you in good enough shape once the season begins. But now we're doing Nautilus one day a week, too. I'd rather do the HeavyRope because of the cardiovascular benefits.

I'm in more thorough condition now than I was 10 years ago. I'm sure my mind will get tired of playing before my body does, and I'm sure I'll keep working out after I retire because exercise has become a part of my lifestyle.

A native of Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan, Resch began his professional career 17 seasons ago. He entered the NHL with the New York Islanders in 1974 and has logged more than 27,000 minutes trying to stop pucks, not tennis balls. He helped the Islanders

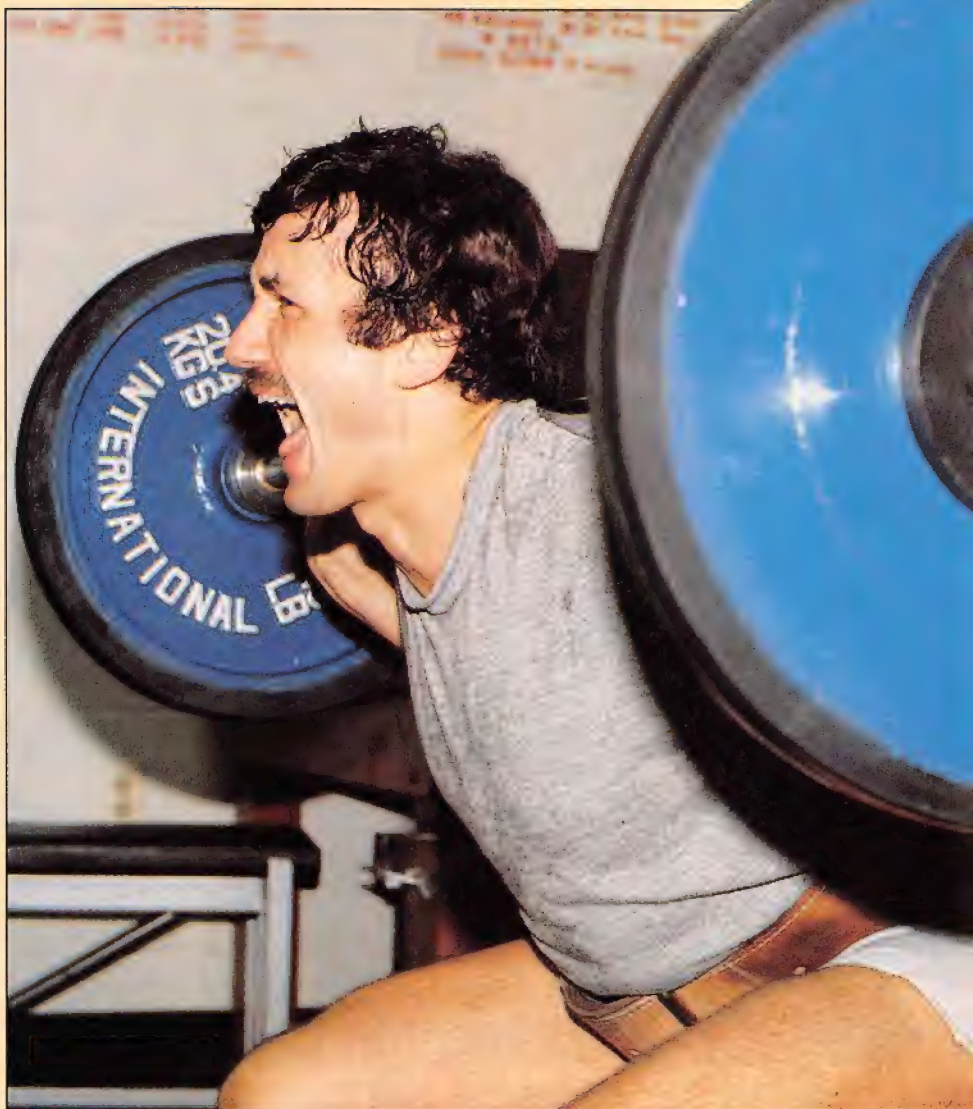
to the Stanley Cup in 1980 and has been an All-Star four times. Last season he was the winning goalie in the NHL All-Star Game, and this season he became only the 26th goaltender in NHL history to win 200 games. Now a United States citizen and resident of Emily, Minn., he played for Team USA in the 1984 Canada Cup. He is one of the few active players who can claim having an 11-year-old daughter.

Hockey is a young man's sport, and conditioning is by far the most important part of remaining in the league after you reach age 30. The game is getting to be like tennis or swimming in that the players are making it big at a younger age. You used to reach the NHL at, say, 22, but now it's at 18. Today's guys might play the same number of years as the players did in the past, but because they started earlier it's burn-out city earlier, maybe at 28.

In the past, players would take the summer off. You could afford to do that because everybody did it and you wouldn't lose any ground. Same thing during the season. No one thought of doing weights or the exercise bicycle after practice. There wasn't even any of that equipment in the training room. So the veterans were OK; as long as no one else was working out, it didn't show up that you weren't either.

That all changed when we began to play the Russians and the Europeans. We realized how conditioning gave them a big edge. I think we overreacted at first, went at training almost too hard and wasted a lot of energy trying to get all pumped up. The Russians had tremendous strength, but were also very agile. We know now that the key is strength and flexibility.

When I broke into the NHL in 1974 I never went



to practice thinking I'd be staying late to train. Now it never enters my mind that I won't be coming early and staying late. During the season practice usually starts at 10 a.m., but we all get there about 9:15 to do stretching. Practice runs about 1½ to 2 hours, and I stay another hour doing my exercises. I'll jog, skip rope, do some upper body work, but not too much, because I want to maintain flexibility. Every two or three days I'll try to burn my legs out doing squats with free weights. I've also started doing a lot of sit-ups. I found that when I got to be about 33, my abdomen started to hurt. It's the hardest thing to get the stomach in shape, so I do 120 sit-ups every day.

During the offseason I'll take the first month off, maybe just run a little. But starting in June I train pretty hard. About four summers ago I went to a training center at Syosset, Long Island, where they did a lot of work with tennis players. They analyzed what muscles a goalie needs and prescribed a lot of work with weights for the legs. When the legs go you're done. They were the first

ones to start hitting tennis balls at me, too. One thing they found was that a goalie, like a tennis player, has to have explosion in his calves. The first muscle to react is your big toe, which is directly related to the calf, so I did a lot of toe raises.

I'll train very hard in July, too—but in August I'll begin to tone it down. That's because training camp is coming. There's bound to be a letdown at some point; I don't think you can train hard all the time. So I want to have my letdown before camp and the season.

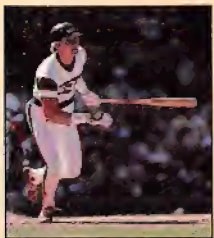
I've continued to change my workout over the years to fit my mood. It's hard to do the same thing all the time, so I keep looking for new things. I play little games with my mind that way. Of course, it's much easier to train when you're winning. But there's another incentive: If you're one of the few guys who doesn't train hard and you don't play well, the team can come at you with that. At least if you're doing your training they can't hit you with that.



There are plenty of times when I don't feel like working out, but if you say to yourself, "I'll do it tomorrow," you have to wonder what you'll say to yourself tomorrow. You're afraid that if you ever let that start, you won't be able to stop it, so you keep at it. I don't know if the body quits first or you lose your drive, but if you lose the will to train, it's time to quit. You can't fake it without being in shape.

Tom Paciorek

First baseman/outfielder, Chicago White Sox



An excellent athlete, the 6'4", 205-pound, 38-year-old Paciorek played defensive back for the University of Houston, where he earned honorable mention All-America recognition. In 1968 he was drafted by both the

Los Angeles Dodgers and the Miami Dolphins. Opting for a career in baseball, he made his major league debut in 1970. He was traded to the Atlanta Braves and then cut in 1978, but he persevered and has enjoyed his finest years—hitting over .300 in 1981, '82, and '83—at a time when most players his age are forced to find other means of employment.

Baseball may not be as demanding as some sports. You don't have to be able to run a four-minute mile, but you do have to be in shape. The guy who is out of shape may be able to perform for a few months, but not when he starts playing in the heat of summer. I was traded to Atlanta with Jimmy Wynn. He was a fine player, but he didn't do the maximum amount of exercise, and I watched him "die" as the summer wore on.

As a ballplayer I don't do anything great—I'm no Mays or Mantle—but I can do a lot of things well. Being in not good but outstanding shape has really kept me in the game. I was cut by the Braves twice in 1978, and if I hadn't been in condition it probably would have been the end of my career.

I might feel a little more sore after games now than I once did, but I believe I can play as well now as when I was young. I'm in as good shape now as I was in college, and even weigh a little less. That's important. As you get older your reflexes slow, and I think losing weight helps overcome that. But I'm afraid I'm more the exception than the rule. I'm in better shape than about 90% of the players.

I've always been aware of the importance of staying in shape and I've always had a good offseason program. A few years ago I would run two or three miles a day, but there is nothing more boring than jogging, so I changed my routine. I'd rather get my exercise by doing something competitive and fun, so now I play tennis three or four days a week, and I play racquetball and golf. When I golf I run after my ball. That's a good workout because I'm always hitting out of bounds, so I end up running most of the course! I still jog a couple of times a week, do Nautilus for my legs, and I've started doing aerobics. My wife takes a Richard Simmons course at a local club and I just sneak in to that. I like having female instructors.

It's important to maintain your condition during the season, too. When I broke in with the Dodgers there was hardly any exercise equipment in the clubhouse—certainly no weights. They were taboo. The theory was that you ran to get in shape. Now we have a Nautilus at the park. I use that three days a week when we're in town, and maybe jog a mile at the park, and when we're on the road I use hand weights that our trainer carries.

I don't think enough guys take exercise as seriously as they should. With the salaries the way they are now you don't need to take an offseason job, so if you're experienced, there is no reason to report to spring training out of shape. That's the one thing you can give to the team: being in shape. If you look at spring training it's the guys who are out of shape who get hurt. I see no reason why a guy can't perform until he's 40 if he stays fit.

Charlie Joiner

Wide receiver, San Diego Chargers

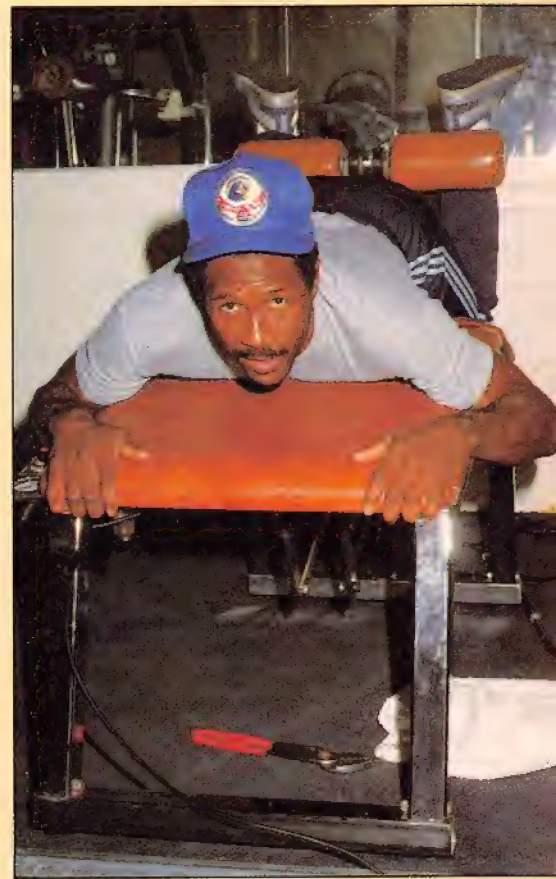


In 1984, his 16th season in the National Football League, the 5'11", 180-pound, 37-year-old Joiner passed Charley Taylor to become professional football's all-time leading receiver, with more than 650 receptions. A 1968 graduate of Grambling, Joiner has had his best seasons as

he has gotten older. Over the last six years he has averaged more than 60 catches, and in 1983 he was voted the Chargers' most valuable player.

When you hit your early 30s you lose a step, you lose some quickness, and maybe most important, you may lose some desire. Working out is the best thing to overcome all of that. You have to try to maintain an edge, and staying in shape helps to prevent a big dropoff in the way you play from year to year.

I enjoy working out. In the past I would run once or twice a week, but now I try to do it three or four



Joiner: 'Working out is the best way to overcome a loss of desire and a dropoff in the way you play.'

times a week. I'm one of several guys from the NFL living in the Houston area who works out with a fellow named Tom Williams, who used to be at Grambling. He's designed quickness drills for us. I also run a lot of 40-yard sprints for my wind and have begun to play more racquetball. Racquetball provides a good workout. Your feet are always moving and it also allows you to maintain good hand-eye coordination. I play for about an hour and a half three times a week. Early in my career I didn't do too much with weights, but recently I've begun to use Nautilus during the offseason. I use it during the season, too, but not as much.

Diet is also important. I've cut down on red meat in recent years; maybe I'll have it once a week and have chicken or fish the rest of the time.

It's important for me to come to training camp in top shape. That makes the two-a-days a lot easier. But I have seen some players do well who weren't in great shape. They didn't look that good, but

they knew what they had to do and could play like mad on Sunday.

Dave Butz

Defensive tackle, Washington Redskins



As his remarks below indicate, the 34-year-old Butz, now in his 11th NFL season, does not believe intense offseason conditioning is necessary for everyone. The 6'9" 295-pounder who wears size 12½EEEEEEE shoes

enjoyed his best season in 1983, anchoring the NFL's best defense against the run and leading the Redskins in sacks and forced fumbles. He reached the Pro Bowl for the first time in his career and was named All-NFL by the AP, Pro Football Weekly,

and The Sporting News. He has some strong theories about working out.

I know I'm an exception, but I don't do anything until about three or four weeks before the beginning of training camp. I feel I have a responsibility to be mentally as well as physically strong, so I relax during the offseason. Do I watch my weight? Yes. I watch it go up!

About a month before the season I do begin to work out. I gradually reach the point where I can run a mile-and-a-half nonstop. I also start using the Nautilus, concentrating on the legs one day and the upper body the next. The flexibility that you get with Nautilus is important.

I don't believe those who say you can't get into shape at training camp. You can get in shape during the season—even during the playoffs. There is more emphasis on offseason conditioning, but, look, we still have 22, 25 guys on injured reserve.

Staying in Shape Is Forever

This quintet of former stars proves that the real fitness struggle begins after a pro retires

DAN ISSEL, THE DENVER NUGGETS' ageless center, who is second only to Abdul-Jabbar in NBA longevity, speaks for most professional athletes when he says that one of his greatest fears is falling out of shape after his playing days are over. "I worry that my weight may balloon to 300 pounds," says the 6'9" Issel, who uses the Nautilus and runs wind sprints to keep in shape during the offseason. "I know it's going to be tough to stay in shape, to get as much exercise when I retire, but I've already promised my wife I'm not going to be one of those ex-athletes who lets himself go. I hate jogging. But I may even break down and jog if that's what it takes to keep the weight off."

Even iconoclasts like the Redskins' Dave Butz, who already weighs close to 300 pounds, acknowledge the danger of failing to exercise after the whistle has blown for the final time. "I've seen studies that say the life expectancy of a pro football player is five years less than that of an average person," Butz says. "It's important to exercise after you retire to try and overcome that—not to mention the arthritis and other aches and pains."

Watch an old-timers game in any sport and it quickly becomes apparent that few of the former stars would be able to participate without the benefit of a tailor adept at letting out uniforms. Says the White Sox's Tom Paciorek: "You see



Page: 'I never liked weight training. Now I run 50 to 60 miles a week.'

these guys trot onto the field with these huge bellies. I'm never going to let that happen to me." The Chargers' Charlie Joiner sounds a more realistic note: "You can say you're going to keep fit after you retire. But who knows what can happen?"

To find out what can happen, INSIDE SPORTS talked to four ex-athletes, all of whom understood

the importance of being in shape during their careers. They talked not only about their personal exercise routines but about conditioning programs past and present.

Alan Page

Defensive tackle, Minnesota Vikings/Chicago Bears


After earning All-America honors at Notre Dame, Page joined the Minnesota Vikings in 1967. Over a 16-year career with the Vikings and then the Chicago Bears, he was named All-Pro nine times. In 1971 he was the first defensive player ever named NFL Player of the Year. He retired after the 1982 season. Now 39 years old, Page practices law in Minneapolis.

Early in my career I don't think I was in particularly good physical condition. When I started, there was no real emphasis on conditioning. You didn't need to be in great shape to play—or even to play well. I look at people I played with, like Jim Marshall [on the Vikings]. I don't think he did a thing to get in shape before training camp. And I didn't do much—maybe start running sprints a couple of months before the season.

Then, in 1977, I started distance running. I did this because I was thinking about staying healthy for the long term. I knew I wasn't going to play

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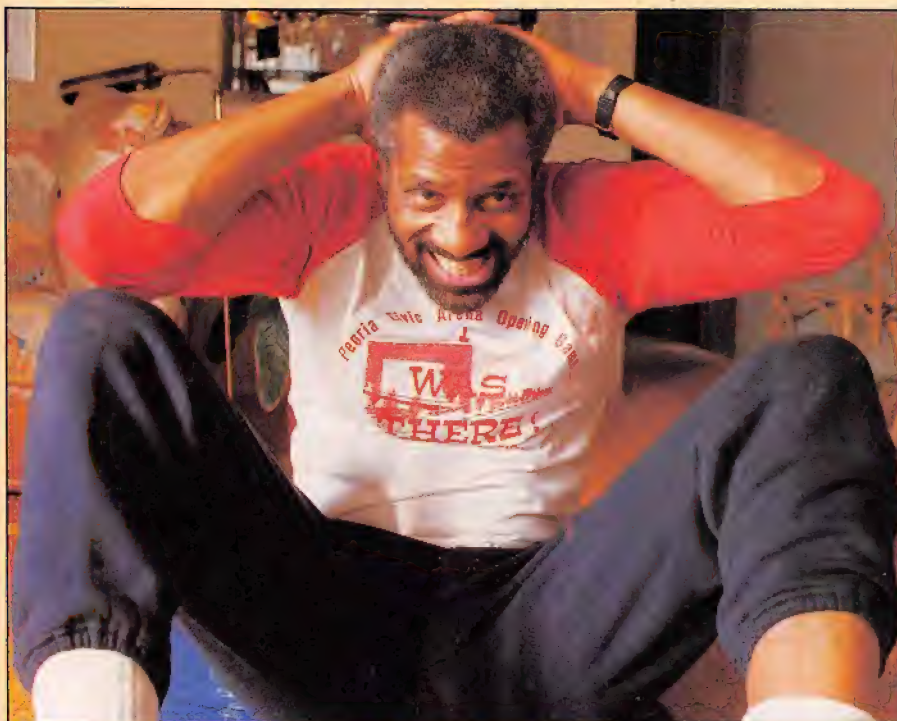
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Walker: 'It's not healthy to go from being in top shape to letting yourself go.'

football forever. Even though the decision to run wasn't related to football, there were some obvious benefits. My endurance improved. I never got tired, never found myself in the middle of a long drive wondering where the next breath was going to come from.

During the season I would run 25 to 30 miles a week. This included distance runs and sprints of 110 and 220 yards. During the offseason I would run 65 to 75 miles a week. I also started to lose weight. Not for football—it didn't help or hurt my playing—but to feel better. The Vikings looked at me as if I was some kind of nut. The Bears just considered me a curiosity.

In the last eight or 10 years there has been heavy emphasis on body building and weight training in the NFL. I think endurance is more important. I think the rising number of injuries and the severity of those injuries is to some degree a function of people getting bigger and stronger than they really should be—the guys who come out of college and put on 15 or 20 pounds so they can play. The players today look like monsters, clones from outer space, with big necks, huge arms, barrel chests. It doesn't seem right.

Think about the load on the heart if these guys don't keep exercising after they retire. When I came into the league the average life expectancy was something like 57 or 59. That seemed awfully low, and it was one of the things I thought about when I started running.

I've continued running since I retired. Nowadays I run 50 to 60 miles a week. One day a week I run up-pace and one day I get in a long run, say 10 to 20 miles. I never liked weight training, and I'm

not convinced it's the be all and end all, but I try to do it. I also do a lot of stretching. That's very important.

Being in shape may not keep you alive longer, but it makes you feel better. It improves the quality of life—as opposed to quantity. Look at Jim Fixx. Who knows whether running prolonged or decreased his life. But any way you cut it, you're going to die of something.

Chet Walker

Forward, Philadelphia 76ers/Chicago Bulls

An All-American at Bradley University, Walker was an integral part of the Philadelphia 76ers 1967 NBA championship team, which posted a 68-13 regular season record and was voted the best in league history. He played for Philadelphia from 1962 until 1969, then was traded to the Chicago Bulls, for whom he played until retiring in 1975 at age 35. He averaged 18.2 points per game during his career and played in seven All-Star Games. Today he is a film producer in Los Angeles.

When a player retires, one of the things he misses most is being in shape. He's been in condition all those years. The body almost demands that he keep exercising. It's not healthy to go from the extreme of being in top shape to letting yourself go and not working out.

I've kept at it, doing basically the same routine I used to do in the off-seasons with Dick Voigt, a former professional football player who runs a great program in Chicago. Now, four days a week at home I do wind sprints, leg raises, sit-ups, and pushups. I do the pushups with my legs up on a

bench or chair because they're harder that way. I also jog two to five miles four times a week.

There have been some changes in my diet, too. When you're playing basketball you can eat anything. Your body burns it right up. But now I eat mostly vegetables. I don't eat sweets and eat very little meat.

Exercise has made my adjustment to regular life easier. I find it easier to cope with the pressures of my job. It's a different world, but I still need that physical outlet.

Don Drysdale

Pitcher, Brooklyn/Los Angeles Dodgers

Now 48 years old, the 6'6" Drysdale played 14 years before retiring in 1969. He won 209 games, played in five World Series and nine All-Star Games, and still holds the record for most consecutive scoreless innings pitched, 58½. He was inducted into the Hall of Fame in 1984. After his retirement Drysdale entered the broadcast booth. Today he is the voice of the Chicago White Sox as well as a member of ABC's baseball broadcast team. Born in California, he still makes his home in the San Diego area. When I.S. caught up with him in late November he had just returned from a round of golf with his old Dodger teammate and fellow Hall-of-Famer Sandy Koufax.


Because of today's salary structure, ballplayers now have the luxury of staying in training year-round. I never believed you should spend the winter spending what you earned in the summer, so I always had a job. Most everybody did. We got our offseason exercise lifting sacks of onions or potatoes. When we had spring training it was get in shape first, then fine-tune your game. Now the players can report in shape.

Despite the emphasis on conditioning, I have yet to see today's pitchers in shape at the start of the season. We were in shape to go nine innings coming out of spring training, but nowadays the pitchers are not. The managers start them in a rotation right at the beginning of spring training. I don't understand it. They don't get days off from running. Why give them days off from pitching?

You have to ask: If so many players are in good shape why are there so many injuries? We had to play hurt. How we got paid next year depended on what we did this year. Now, maybe because of guaranteed contracts, if a player gets a hangnail he doesn't play.

Also, there seems to be a myth that players should put on weight as they get older—pitchers are supposed to gain more stamina and hitters are supposed to gain strength. That is ass backwards! The older a player gets, the more weight he should lose.

Weight is the big thing for ex-athletes to worry about, too. Time and age are pretty hard to fight, but I manage to weigh about the same as I did when I played. The only trouble is the weight isn't distributed like it once was. I'm not as hard as I was when I played.



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Pushing myself away from the table is really the way I try to stay in shape. That and watching what I eat. During the season we have such an odd schedule and travel so much that it's hard to get into an exercise program. Travel keeps the weight off. But that's not the right way to do it.

During the offseason I try to get into a routine. I have a rowing machine and Nautilus at home that I try to use. And I play golf almost every day. That's good exercise, especially if you don't take a cart. If I play in a pro-am tournament for a couple of days and walk instead of ride, I'll easily lose 10 or 15 pounds.

Keith Magnuson

Defenseman, Chicago Black Hawks

Over his 11-year career, Magnuson earned a reputation as one of the most fearless and tireless players in the NHL. He earned All-Star honors three times, despite repeated injuries brought on in part by his

reckless style of play. Magnuson retired in 1979, then coached the Black Hawks in 1980-81, and '81-82. Now 37, he lives in the Chicago area, where he is an executive with Seven-Up.

I was fortunate to play my college hockey in Denver, where the program borrowed a great deal from the Europeans. We did weight training, ran the stadium steps, did a lot of aerobic training to exercise muscles while at the same time working on oxygen supply. When I came to the NHL that kind of training really didn't exist. But when Bob Pulford took over as coach of the Black Hawks, he encouraged offseason training and maintenance during the season. That's very important. If you don't have a maintenance program, you can lose 50% of your conditioning over the course of a season.

There were and are a lot of training fallacies—like the idea of eating a big meal of meat and potatoes before a game. There's a lot to be learned

from the Europeans. Take massage. They do a great deal of that. I think you may eventually see the NHL getting into that, too.

When you play professional sports, working out becomes a habit. Your body wants to do it. When I retired I took the experience I had gained from my days as a player, and the periods when I rehabilitated myself after various injuries, to set up my own program at home. I wake up at 5 a.m. to do a workout that takes about 20 minutes. It consists of pushups, sit-ups, work with light free weights, and a five-minute run on a spot. It's enough to make me feel good and keep the weight off. An athlete has a certain pride in the way he looks, so it's important to keep the weight off.

If I miss the workout I feel guilty. You need to keep pushing yourself after you retire. You need balance in whatever you do. If it's a physical endeavor like sports, you need a mental outlet. And if it's a demanding job like I now have, you need a physical release.

The Best Conditioned Athlete?

It depends on whom you ask, but the consensus: the basketball player

BASKETBALL PLAYER DAN ISSEL SAYS: "I love the game of baseball, but I have to laugh every time I see a player leg out a double or triple. The TV focuses in on him, and you can see that the effort has left him totally out of breath."

Chicago Cubs trainer Tony Garofalo bristles at the suggestion that baseball players are not the best conditioned of athletes. "You see more big bellies in a football locker room than a baseball locker room," he says. "The public may not realize this, because the football players can hide their guts under all their equipment."

Different sports demand different skills—hand-eye coordination, speed, strength, endurance. Thus, to say that hockey, for example, requires better athletes than football is to compare Apples and IBMs. More fruitful is a discussion of which sport requires the *best conditioned* athletes. While exercise physiologists are beginning to make cross-sport comparisons, the evidence is not yet in. Dr. Ann Snyder, assistant professor in the Ball State University Human Performance Laboratory, who has conducted some studies, says, "If fitness is measured as oxygen uptake then athletes competing in endurance sports like distance running and skiing and cycling are in the best condition." She surmises that, using this same standard, basketball may well be the major sport requiring the best conditioned participants. But at the University of Arizona, Dr. Jack Wilmore can point to studies conducted of professional athletes



that show football players actually performed better on a treadmill than basketball players. Wilmore chooses not to draw any major conclusions. "That result was surprising," he says. "But only a few teams were tested and conditioning varies greatly from club to club within each sport." He conjectures that basketball players may not

test as well because the demands of the game wear them down as the season goes on.

The debate in the athletic community is less scientific but more spirited. Herewith, the responses of athletes and trainers participating in the major sports.

Al Domenico, Philadelphia 76ers trainer: "I've been a trainer for over 40 years and been involved in almost every sport you can name—football, baseball, hockey, basketball, tennis—even roller derby. Basketball is by far the most demanding. When a player is in the game and the clock is running, he's running. If he plays 40 minutes, he's run 40 minutes. Football is physical, but you snap the ball then play five or 10 seconds, then rest 30 seconds with the clock going. The average pulse rate of our players at rest is 54. Compare that to the other sports."

Chico Resch, New Jersey Devils goalie: "Hockey is a very demanding sport. My pulse rate has been measured as low as 42, and nowadays it's 52."

Charlie Joiner, San Diego Chargers wide receiver: "Basketball has to be the toughest. You play night after night, and then there's all that travel. I don't know how the guys in the NBA can eat properly with the odd hours and all the traveling they do."

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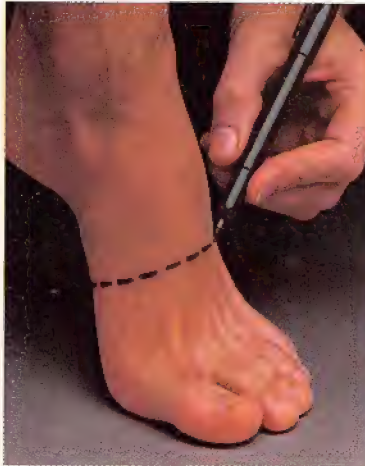
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Tom Oxley, *Tampa Bay Buccaneers trainer*: "I've always thought rowers were in top shape. They train year-round and punish themselves to develop speed, endurance, and strength, but I've heard of studies showing race-car drivers and jockeys to be the most fit in the cardiovascular sense."

Keith Magnuson, *former defenseman of the Chicago Black Hawks*: "I think soccer players are in the best shape, followed by basketball and

hockey players. The number of games played and the physical nature of the sports require basketball and hockey players to be in top shape. I'd rate football next and then baseball."

Chet Walker, *former forward of the Chicago Bulls*: "Basketball is the most strenuous of the major sports. You may have to run nonstop for two to three minutes. What's the most running that goes on in football? Maybe 20 seconds by a wide receiver. When I worked out in Chicago I used to

go one-on-one with some of the Bears, like Dick Gordon (the NFL's leading receiver in 1970), and they always got winded before I did."

Dave Butz, *Washington Redskins defensive tackle*: "Basketball requires the most conditioning. There's more running and no TV timeouts to catch your breath."

Tony Garofalo: "That's bull if you don't think baseball players have to be in shape."

Fitness Is Unavoidable

By SHARON SLOAN FIFFER

FITNESS, STRENGTH, STAMINA, ENDURANCE, grace, agility—all essential to the professional athlete whose livelihood depends on the ability to go the distance. The veteran athlete would be crazy not to stay in peak condition, as physically fit as possible.

But consider the veteran spectator. Gone is the

Even if you wanted to become fat and lazy, the world won't let you

Nervously I started for the door. On my way out I saw "The Exercise Myth," "One on One" (The sensual way to fitness), "Donna DeVarona's Hydro-Aerobics," "Staying With It," "Sports Selection," and "Callanetics," whose cover promised I could look 10 years younger in 10 hours. I picked up my pace and looked neither to the right (the Nutrition section) nor to the left (Home Health Care) and got safely out the door.

Watching television was the only safe way to spend my day. I snapped Jane Fonda's workout tape out of the VCR and turned on the set. PBS was covering a marathon and Donahue was cooking salt-free. Cable offered local exercise classes and "Personal Best." Network daytime drama was the only alternative. But to my surprise, serial locations were no longer limited to living rooms, hospitals, bedrooms, and supper clubs. Health clubs, spas, and juice bars had overtaken the soaps. Femme fatales no longer lounged about in the middle of the day wearing silk robes with feathers. They wore designer workout wear with leg warmers that just wouldn't quit. Trysts were planned for after aerobics. Courtships now referred to relationships between racquetball partners. On one particularly active show, the wife of a police officer was drowned in a whirlpool.

Turning off the TV, I stared out the window. Junior Rick Sutcliffe's threw sliders at porch steps, budding Mary Lou Rettons vaulted merrily down the sidewalks. Men and women jogged past, part of the constant dawn-to-dusk parade of those who, against all odds, are tasting the thrill of victory over their own inertia. Years ago, former University of Chicago president Robert Maynard Hutchins said that whenever he felt the urge to exercise, he would lie down until that urge passed. It won't work today, however, unless you pull the blankets over your head and stay there for a long, long time. ■

STEVE and SHARON FIFFER are a Chicago-based husband-and-wife writing team. Steve says that she's the better writer, but that his presence inspires her. Steve's last I.S. piece was on the well-conditioned Walter Payton.



dresser drawers were filled with colorful sweats, warmups, coverups, tank suits, sweatbands, wrist bands, leg warmers, tights, leotards, unitards, T-shirts, and running bras. I sorted through running shoes, tennis shoes, aerobic shoes, ballet shoes, tap shoes, walking shoes, earth shoes, and Dr. Scholl exercise sandals.

Finally, wearing my wedding dress and clogs, I shopped at the local grocery store for a snack. I avoided trail mix, gorp, yogurt, yogurt-covered peanuts, frozen yogurt, tofu, tofutti, anything covered in carob, carrot chips, banana chips, papaya chips, natural juices, high-fiber cereals, low-sodium soups, granola, cru-

dites, and sapsago cheese. I eschewed beverages that were sugar-free, caffeine-free, and calorie-free. I sought artificial colorings, preservatives, flavorings, nitrites, nitrates, MSG, salt, and fat. I craved cholesterol.

Munching on maraschino cherries and bacon, I drove to a bookstore. Longing for a little non-physical relaxation, I browsed through the magazines. I leafed through *People and Stress*, *Get Fit*, *Shape*, *Fitness and Diet*. I glanced at *Diet and Exercise*, *New Body*, *Muscle and Fitness*. I picked up *Flex* and *Muscle*, but I put them right down. I started in on the *Celebrity Fitness Guide*, but sensed someone watching me. I turned around to find John Travolta, Jane Fonda, Victoria Principal, and Racquel Welch accusing me with their eyes. Why wasn't I running, flexing, grunting, sweating?

stereotypical armchair athlete, surrounded by hero sandwiches, overflowing ashtrays, and empty beer cans. The new nonpro takes his conditioning seriously. So seriously, in fact, that designers, manufacturers, and advertisers take it seriously. And when designers, manufacturers, and advertisers take anything seriously, everybody takes it seriously. Fitness is no longer a matter of free choice—fitness is unavoidable. An exaggeration? Witness the following experiment.

Because I am not a professional athlete, I tried to take a day off from fitness last week. I decided not to run, jog, racewalk, swim, aerobicize, jazzercise, practice yoga, slimmastics, or martial arts, play racquetball, paddleball, handball, tennis, softball, football, basketball, tennis, or volleyball.

At first, I couldn't find anything to wear. My

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The Wiz Has The Bullets Flying

By TOM JACKSON

GUS WILLIAMS HAD ONE LEG in his pants when the fight began. Actually, it wasn't too much of a fight, even as basketball fights go. Kermit Washington notwithstanding, there hasn't been a memorable punch thrown in the NBA since the 24-second clock. Mostly, there was some circling, some feinting, and a whole lot of good-natured jawing as Rick Mahorn—at 6'10", 260 pounds, the possessor of the league's largest sitting area—and Frank Johnson—who's 6'3" in your program but just 6-even out of his elevator high tops—staged the latest episode in a seemingly endless series of locker-room-shaking shenanigans that make the Washington Bullets the loosest team in professional hoops.

At the opposite end of the room, a trio of Bullets huddled around a television where another endless series—the all-time champion of afternoon soaps, "All My Children"—edged one day ahead. The tube-consumed threesome hooted as the villainess and her estranged husband hissed at each other and bared their claws. "Hang around this team long enough," one of the players promised brightly, "and you will know the soaps!"

At the epicenter of the tumult, apparently oblivious to its swirl, Williams casually slipped his pants over his other leg.

When Johnson wearied of the boxing non-match and adjourned to the showers, he was followed surreptitiously by Mahorn, determined to get in the last punch. By then, Williams had tugged on a shoe and was bent to tie the laces when Mahorn reappeared, whooping and running, trailed closely by a dripping, lathery, naked Johnson, who sidearmed a bar of Irish Spring that just cleared Williams' balding pate and smacked Mahorn in the back, sticking to his jacket as he disappeared around the corner. The soap circle howled, delighted.

At last, the daily Bullets' hijinks seized Williams' attention. He rose slowly in his

Gus Williams took his 'Platinum Card' show coast to coast, and now his new teammates in Washington won't leave home without him

chair, eyes wide, a smile fighting the corners of his mouth. As he considered Johnson, beaming at his marksmanship, then Mahorn, who'd returned to peek inside the locker room, Williams' countenance was practically royal, an unflappable look befitting his station in his profession, a prince regarding the jesters in his court.

Then Williams conceded a chuckle and slowly shook his head. The appearance of majesty dissolved into serene bemusement, suggesting the thought that routinely plays in his head nowadays: *What am I doing here?*

"Seattle was never like this," he sighed finally, tying the other shoe. The statement was purposely ambiguous, as are a preponderance of the signals Williams frequently issues to the world.

HERE IS ONE OF THOSE MILLIONAIRE basketball stars, most of whom seem slashed from a cloth of gold lamé, but Williams prefers to go about in simple jeans, open-collared shirt, and standard-issue brown leather jacket. Gold chains do not adorn his neck, nor do gold rings pierce his ears. "That's Mr. T," he says dispassionately. He doesn't even wear a watch, and the championship ring he won in 1979 as a Seattle SuperSonics—easily his most treasured possession—stays locked away.

Further, Williams owns a dream car, a white, collector's Rolls-Royce Corniche that was worth \$172,000 when the SuperSonics included it in the deal that ended their painful year-long estrangement with Williams in 1981, the season after the Gusless Sonics plummeted from the NBA Western Con-

ference finals to the cellar of the Pacific Division. He keeps it parked, lest he draw undue attention to himself. Instead, he drives a black 1982 turbo Saab. In Washington, it is the kind of car any upper-level bureaucrat might drive, and Williams enjoys its anonymity. "I turn the key, it gets me there," he explains.

And though he draws the spotlight wherever his team turns up, Williams otherwise covets the sort of life that is ordinarily an early casualty for one so celebrated: Given his druthers, Williams might become a monk who leaves the monastery only when it's time for the tipoff. "I value my privacy," he says devoutly.

To a large degree that privacy fence extends even to his new teammates. "All he does," says John Lally, the Bullets trainer and keeper of the pulse, "is come in, get taped, go out and score 20, and go home. He hardly says a word."

And how much reverence do the irreverent Bullets accord him? Consider this:

The Bullets are particularly fond of raunchy underwear pranks. When Johnson was a rookie his briefs were swiped after four straight games. Following the fifth, they began to turn up again, each of them neatly scissored to shreds.

When Kevin Grevey was a Bullet, cut-ups routinely switched his Jockey shorts with Jeff Ruland's.

But as bold and raunchy as the Bullets pride themselves in being, they treat Williams with a large measure of deference. During three months of daily contact, the closest anyone came to making Williams the butt of a joke was during introductions for Washington's first appearance at Boston Garden. When Williams' name was called, second-year swingman Darren Daye, Gus' frequent companion and video-game nemesis, bopped him twice on the crown of his shining bare head.

Mahorn, Mr. Ribald himself, found himself unfamiliarly aghast. "I couldn't believe it!" he says. Clearly, even in the NBA royalty has its privileges.

All of which contributes to his role as the

Bullets' reluctant hero, but doesn't explain how Gus Williams—No. 1 in your program and, for seven years, No. 1 in the soggy hearts of basketball fans in the Great Northwest—happened to be sitting this day in an old locker room with cracking paint in an ancient, groaning gymnasium on the campus of Bowie State, a commuter college settled on the rolling countryside between Washington and Baltimore, tucked among December's barren trees, as far from Seattle as he possibly could have been and still be in the NBA.

The answer to that unlikely turn of events lies another six months in the past, on a sunny June afternoon that Bullets head coach Gene Shue would ultimately call "the best day I've had since I've been here." It was the day of the college draft, when an infusion of talent the likes of which the NBA hasn't seen in a decade—Michael Jordan, Akeem Abdul Olajuwon, Sam Bowie, Mel Turpin, Charles Barkley, Sam Perkins, Lancaster Gordon, Leon Wood, Antoine Carr, Alvin Robertson—prepared to enter the play-for-pay fold. Though the Bullets had made the obscenely expanded playoffs the previous season, their 35-47 record gave them the coveted sixth pick of the draft.

Interestingly, what most ailed the Bullets during the years following their 1978 NBA championship was a lack of such lofty first-round selections; by managing to finish in the middle of the pack season after season, they merely insured their continued mediocrity.

"The Bullets never took a fall," Shue says. "Their players kept getting older and older, but they were making the playoffs. When I arrived on the scene [in 1980], the question was, 'How much more blood can you squeeze?' Unfortunately, the Bullets didn't drop, say like the Celtics did a few years back. They had a championship team, they got older, and they dropped straight to the bottom. And then they stocked up with a lot of fresh new talent.

"But the Bullets have always been right there in the middle, and where that has hurt them is they've always drafted players right there in the middle of the pack.

"[To win championships] you have to get

the Sampsons and the Olajuwons, the Larry Birds. The stars."

THE BUMPER CROP OF COLLEGE talent ripe for drafting guaranteed that a franchise-making plum would still be available when the Bullets' pick arrived; nonetheless, general manager Bob Ferry had decided days before that he'd



Gus: 'I have a certain talent this team can use.'

spend that first-round selection not on some future promise. Instead, he angled for a far more immediate reward. Says Ferry, "I would rather have a 31-year-old player who is a great player than a 22-year-old learning how to be a great player."

Ferry had been a fan of Williams' play since the 1979 NBA finals, when Gus led the scoring every night and Seattle took the championship from Washington in five games. But as deep as Ferry's appreciation for Williams' gifts ran, he didn't begin to covet him until two years ago, when Williams played briefly in Washington's summertime Urban Coalition League, a loose collection of

has-beens, will-bes, and never-weres, as well as an occasional smattering of NBA players.

Victor Kelly, a Washington businessman who'd played with Williams when they were at Southern California, invited Gus down one summer when his team was scheduled to play Shue's unbeaten Bullets. "Naturally, there's not a whole lot of defense played in the urban league," Shue recalls, "but our team was playing defense pretty well. We had Dudley Bradley [a noted defensive specialist who has since joined the Bullets and held George Gervin without a field goal for an entire game in November] on our team. So what happens? Gus comes down and scores 50 points like it was nothing."

Ferry's jaw dropped. "He scored 50 of the easiest points you ever saw. I think I got to see his innate abilities there even more than I did when he was playing for Seattle."

Last spring Ferry began to shop the Bullets' No. 6 pick around and was repeatedly told Williams might be available. "His name kept popping up," Shue says. Acting on a directive from owner Abe Pollin that the Bullets be made more compelling at the gate, as well as his own sense of urgency, Ferry hatched a labyrinthian scheme to put Washington's NBA team on the run.

By the night before the draft, Ferry had gentleman's agreements with Seattle and Cleveland—if only Dallas and Philadelphia would draft as advertised.

The next day Shue iced down champagne in the Bullets offices at Capital Centre and Ferry paced anxiously. Dallas needed a big man to go with all that 6'7" talent they'd drafted over the years, and if they grabbed North Carolina's Sam Perkins with the fourth pick, the drinks were on the Bullets. If, instead, Dallas took Kentucky's Mel Turpin, all the carefully planned arrangements were off. The Bullets needed Turpin to be around for their pick to trigger a domino effect that would propel Washington into a new era. At last, word came that the Mavericks selected Perkins, Philadelphia nabbed Charles Barkley, and it was gentlemen-start-your-engines time in Washington.

The dizzying deal worked like this: Washington took Turpin and held tight. Cleveland, drafting 12th, selected Michigan center Tim McCormick. Then, when the second round began and dealing could resume, the Bullets sent Turpin to Cleveland for forward Cliff Robinson and McCormick, then packaged McCormick with guard Ricky Sobers to Seattle for Williams. "We knew what we wanted," Ferry said. "We just needed to figure out a way to get it done."

Gus Williams was at his house in Oakland when word came that he'd become an unwitting warhead in the shift of power in the NBA Atlantic Division. Lenny Wilkens, Williams' coach, friend, and confidant, called with the fateful news. Wilkens was tearful; Williams was shocked.

"You figure if you do a good job for a team, they want you and you'll still be with the team," Williams says. "And I felt that I really gave my all for Seattle. I heard the rumors about me being traded, but Fred Brown was being traded for the past 13 years."

In truth, the gears that meshed last summer to make the trade possible had not existed as recently as the start of the previous season. But when league management and the NBA Players Association settled on a contract that would, among other legal clauses, put a ceiling on the total payroll each team could carry, such pressures as the ones that made Williams available were bound to mount. Says Williams now, "There were a lot of things that made this trade possible that I had no control over." Possible, or necessary? "That's fair. I guess it was necessary, since they said they didn't really want to trade me."

The season before, Williams had contributed in ways worthy of his \$725,000 salary. He was seventh in the league in assists, third in steals, and his 18.7-points-per-game scoring average was second on the team to center Jack Sikma. All told, Williams turned in a year that was slightly superior to his career averages. Small wonder, then, that Portland coach Jack Ramsay, who once called Williams "the best open-court player in the league," provided this encouraging update recently: "I don't see any diminishing skills."

But when rumors reached Seattle that the Los Angeles Lakers coveted Sikma as a replacement for Kareem Abdul-Jabbar, the Sonics' new owner, Barry Ackerly, authorized a multiyear, multimillion-dollar contract for their blond keystone. Moreover, Ackerly seemed anxious to put his personal stamp on the Sonics. "Clearly, the team was going nowhere," he said.

Wilkens was moved to lament: "I'm a Gus Williams fan. I always have been and I'll continue to be." But the deed was done. Under the NBA's collective bargaining agreement, Seattle could no longer afford their slight superstar.

"I think if [former Sonics president] Sam Schulman still owned the team," Williams says, "I would still be up there."

Alas, Williams had learned years before that the NBA is a business first and a game to love a distant second. He knew it when he struck the deal that sent him from Golden State to Seattle as a free agent; he reinforced it when he sat out the 1980-81 season. Now that the business end had reared its head again, Williams was prepared to go unhesitatingly. "I've seen a lot of guys traded," he shrugs. Most of them left town without looking back.

Not Gus. Before he packed, Williams arranged to thank Seattle—*personally*. On a summer afternoon Williams threw an unprecedented waterfront party for Seattle. The mayor came. The city council authorized a proclamation in his honor. And 5,000 Seattleites came to say goodbye. "I know I shook a lot of hands," Williams says of his farewell party.

In Washington, Williams and the new Bullets were greeted by the same disappointing crowds that had been sliding since the year after Dick Motta's famed "Fat Lady" sang for the Bullets' 1978 championship. During the early months of the season, the erstwhile darling of Seattle was just another professional basketball player Washingtonians wouldn't drive to Landover to see. Unperturbed, Williams led the Bullets in scoring for six straight games and sparked them to a seven-game win streak that included a 17-point triumph over Boston, the Celtics' only loss during the first 16 games of the season.

Williams warmed rapidly to the task. For the first time in his career, friends and an abundant East Coast family could see him play regularly. Williams' mother celebrated her 60th birthday at Capital Centre watching her son score 23 points and lead the Bullets past Atlanta. At her feet were two dozen roses. To help spread the cheer he felt, Williams bought 2,000 carnations and had them handed out before the game.

Most important, Williams played as though there'd never been a Seattle, as though the Atlantic Division was the only place for him.

Perhaps the most encouraging aspect was that the Bullets were able to compete almost instantly. Taking a cue from the starting backcourt of Williams and Bradley, a pair of disruptive, fastbreaking ballhawks, even Bullets who hadn't run before took flight. Johnson, who'd started at point guard during the first three years of his career, played with pressure-proof abandon. Mahorn, a basher with a reputation for fouling out, began to weather stormy exchanges under the hoop.

Philadelphia coach Billy Cunningham enviously called the Bullets' nine-player depth "the best in the league." Added Julius Erving:

"Everyone who knows basketball says they're the team that's improved itself the most. I don't think they have to worry about missing the playoffs this year. Shoot, they might have 60 wins."

And if the Bullets weren't packing them in right away, Williams seemed somewhat less concerned than general manager Ferry. "It's like producing an exciting Broadway show, and getting accolades but not getting the audience to make it totally exciting," said Ferry. Shrugged Williams, "When we prove we're a good team, they'll come out."

WILLIAMS' DRIVER, A FRIEND in a black, late-model Mercedes, was late. The time limit on getting his license and registration switched to Maryland had run out, and Williams resolved to drive only in emergencies until he could find time to make himself and his car legal.

He sat on the cold curb outside the gym and absently began to flick pebbles off his fingertips. As they skipped across the asphalt toward the opposite curb, a distant, long-slumbering memory stirred.

"You ever pitch pennies as a kid?" he asked his companion, a lifelong resident of the middle class.

"Nope."

Williams skipped another pebble across the road, then grinned and nudged his companion.

"I bet you pitched *quarters* in your neighborhood. Shoot, all we ever had was pennies."

In fact, in the neighborhood of Williams' youth, even pennies were difficult to come by. Martha came first, but 10 years passed between her birth and that of Rosanna and Gus Williams' first son, Gus Jr. After that, four other sons followed in almost annual procession.

The family was just Rosanna and young Martha when Gus Sr. moved them from Georgia to Mount Vernon, N.Y., a compact burg in Westchester County just outside of Brooklyn. Gus Sr. worked in the Mount Vernon sanitation department, but he died when most of his sons were barely toddlers. Gus Jr. was just six when his mother began working as a daytime domestic and Martha served as babysitter. "Things weren't tough," Gus recalls. "We were happy. We went to school. We ate." Gus was as judicious with his money as his mother was. At the end of the day he routinely returned some of his lunch money to his mother's purse.

And as they grew, the boys discovered a passion for basketball. Like most of the neighborhood youngsters, Gus would hurry to the court on Fourth Street to play until the older kids arrived. "Then they kicked us off. That was just the rule." The kid was quick

Revenge of the

Bullets' 1978 championship and their return a year later to the finals, where they were beaten by Seattle and the blossoming Williams.

At last, the Bullets have discovered Hayes' heir-apparent in the extraordinarily creditworthy Williams. "There's no doubt my speed, my quickness have gotten me as far as I have gone," Williams says. "There's no way I could outmuscle other ballplayers. But I have a certain talent this team can use."

Says Shue: "I mean, Gus is *fast*. And he handles the ball so well going full speed. Lots of players can't do that and play under control."

Before Williams became a Bullet the bulk of the burden was carried by Jeff Ruland, the burly fourth-year center who, with Mahorn, served as half of Washington's notorious baseline-shaking, Robert Parish-aching, in-the-paint-quaking Beef Brothers. "Let's put it dis way," Ruland says in his best Noo Yawkes, "I knew if I din't go out and have 25

teamed, now I only get double-teamed."

"Gus understands 'win,'" Shue says. "There are a lot of players in the league who play the game for themselves first, and play for the team second. Not Gus. Gus understands what it takes to win. He'll make winning plays; he'll make winning shots."

Says Williams: "When everything works perfectly—a play or a defense—when you execute that perfectly, there's no greater feeling. It's nice to have an individual game, but it's more difficult to put your talents with four other people and make it work."

SO IT WAS THAT THE WASHINGTON Bullets, a team in search of its destiny, piled sleepily into the bus that would take them to a game in Philadelphia, one of the NBA stops where a franchise that expects to contend mustn't allow itself to be intimidated. As Ruland says: "We have to know dat we can beat Philly and Boston on a regular basis, not just

the once. Being so far from Seattle. Being uprooted from a place where he'd been uniquely popular, from a team where the coach was an unabashed fan. And age. At 31, there can't be all that many chances left to win another championship.

"Hey, wait!" Williams says. "I'm not *that* old. There's still lots of time for another championship. If I didn't think I had a chance to play for another championship, there wouldn't be much point in going on, would there?"

Instantly, a charge of recognition washed over Williams, as though a lingering mystery had been answered at last. *What am I doing here?* Why, he'd known the answer all along. ■

Contributing writer TOM JACKSON will try for his American Express green card as soon as his grocery store check-cashing card is approved. His last L.S. piece was on Joe Theismann.

next year, the final one that Poulin was in the draft pool, he missed a third of the season when he came down with spinal meningitis. It didn't turn out to be serious, but then neither were the scouts.

Poulin's hockey scholarship, in the meantime, remained the means to the end of a business degree. With a 3.24 grade-point average, a different kind of recruiter came to South Bend to interview.

"I had accepted a job with Procter and Gamble," Poulin said. "It was part of their



THIS ONE IS FOR PERSEVERANCE. It is a warm story of those too small, too slow, too fat, too dumb to realize it, and too stubborn to give up. It is the legacy of the hunch player and the damnation of too many experts who were wrong.

It is the tale of heartbeats stronger than the stopwatch's tick. It is the saga of little guys who eventually measured up. It is not only the triumph of the spirit but the reward of paying an extra buck. For a few dollars more in scouting and bonus costs, these guys paid dividends.

There are more than 40 such stories in the naked locker rooms of the National Hockey League. Unknown, undrafted, unwanted, they were needles found in a haystack of rejects. Some have been polished into 14-karat gold.

macoun was branded too small, but he sprouted and got revenge.

Nickname: The Unwantseds. Stock it with current NHLers who were either (a) selected in the ninth round or below, (b) never drafted at all, or (c) drafted in the middle to late rounds but let go before making the NHL.

Start printing playoff tickets. The Unwantseds could play with anybody.

Goaltenders: Reggie Lemelin, Calgary; Bob Froese, Philadelphia; Steve Penney, Montreal.

Defensemen: Charlie Huddy and Randy Gregg, Edmonton; Jamie Macoun and Kari Eloranta, Calgary; Mike Milbury, Boston; Risto Siltanen and Chris Kotsopolous, Hartford.

Centers: Dave Poulin and Len Hachborn, Philadelphia; Mark Pavelich, New York Rangers; Ron Flockhart, Montreal; Kelly Kisio, Detroit.

Left wings: Darryl Sutter, Chicago; Eddy Beers, Calgary; Jan Ludvig, New Jersey;

Brian MacLellan, Los Angeles; Andy Brickley, Pittsburgh.

Right wings: Tim Kerr, Philadelphia; Dino Ciccarelli, Minnesota; Joey Mullen, St. Louis; Dave Taylor, Los Angeles; Bryan Erickson, Washington.

THEY ALL, FOR ONE REASON or another, slipped through. How? Every discard has his own story, but there are, nonetheless, some recurring themes.

One is the NHL's lowering of the draft age from 20 to 19 in 1979 and then to 18 in 1980. "The younger the draft the greater degree of risk," said Cliff Fletcher, Calgary's general manager. "The kid who looked like a prospect at 18 hasn't progressed by the time he's 20. Another 18-year-old who didn't look like much has grown a couple of inches, put on a

ple of pounds, and maybe smoothed out skating stride."

When the draft was opened up to 19-year-olds in 1979, it was, for that year only, limited to six rounds. As a result, two entire classes were processed in one shortened draft. Notably, Kerr, Poulin, Ciccarelli, and Skhirt slipped through untouched.

The draft is now 12 rounds. Players not drafted at 18 now go back into the pool for two more years, so few late bloomers out of the Canadian junior leagues are missed. Europe, which was once wide open to the smarter, richer teams, is now under the draft's thumb.

"The last edge open now is the colleges," Kerr said. "You're talking now about a kid who wasn't drafted out of high school or his freshman and sophomore years of university."

By the time he's a junior he's 21 and playing like he might be able to play." And if he does, a Calgary scout is there to sign him. Of the seven (a league high) free agents on the Flames' current squad, five were signed off campuses.

"It's worked very well for Calgary," Edmonton coach-GM Glen Sather said. "They couple of bad years and it's helped them

rebuild in a short time. We were after Beers and a few others ourselves.

"But our philosophy here is different. We're not looking for the marginal types. There are plenty of those in any draft. You sign enough of these guys, I guess a few of them will turn out. But the cost—Beers, for instance, went with Calgary because they guaranteed him a major-league contract and we insisted on a minor-league clause—doesn't always warrant the risk.

"There are a few, though, who become commodities. Everybody knew Randy Gregg was a prospect. But when he finished school [at the University of Alberta] he wanted to go to Japan where he could pursue medicine and play hockey at the same time. He was never in the class of being overlooked."

But Calgary has been industrious in its scouting and willing to put a few chips on the table. Unquestionably the Flames and the Flyers (who jumped in with a shovel in 1979—signing eight of those leftovers) have benefited the most. Free agents have saved both clubs from some mediocre to poor drafts and what could have been a lengthy decline.

Kerr was rejected as too gentle; now he's a young Phil Esposito.

A lot of the long shots became farmers. A few became players. Good players. Their stories will both warm your heart and break the hearts of the teams that missed out. The following six who beat the odds, an all-star team of the forsaken, beat somebody in an NHL game last night.

Dave Poulin

Center, Philadelphia Flyers.

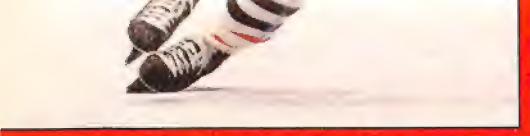
Signed as a free agent, February 1983.

Reasons for being overlooked: Size, shortened six-round draft in 1979.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Commercial real estate salesman.

Notre Dame University, where Poulin starred for four years, has since dropped hockey. Hockey, in turn, never quite dropped Poulin—there was always a feeler here or an offer there to tempt him. But a bright guy looking at the long run all but figured it was time to get on with his life.

The scouts looked at an impressive 28-goal, 31-assist freshman season. They also looked at 165 pounds and figured no way. The



Sutter, the Samurai Canadian, arrived in Chicago via Tokyo.

farm team. But it didn't make any sense at that point not to finish school." After graduation, the Hartford Whalers offered a tryout. But there was no money guaranteed and Poulin had just agreed to a lifetime deal with Kim Kucera, a student at St. Mary's. With a wife to support, Poulin was reaching for his diploma, an invoice, and a box of Tide when he got a call from Ted Sator.

Sator, a former player at Bowling Green University, coached Rogle, a Swedish First Division (minor league) team. The rules allowed two American imports per club, so Sator called Ron Mason, the coach at Michigan State University and a co-instructor at the summer Huron Hockey School with Sator. He asked if Mason knew of anyone who had the wheels to thrive in the wide-open European game.

Mason recommended Poulin. Sator could offer what Hartford wouldn't—a guaranteed

"It was just for the rest of the year," Poulin said. "I had nothing to lose." On the last weekend of the regular season, with the Flyers slumping and hurting, they called Poulin up.

"I got the call Friday night and was playing the next night," Poulin said. "Here I am at Maple Leaf Gardens, where I grew up watching games as a kid, playing in the NHL. It helped that I didn't have time to think about it."

Poulin scored goals on his first two NHL shots. A week later, as the Flyers desperately tried to halt a late-season slide against the Rangers in the playoffs, he was taking a regular shift.

Philadelphia went down in three straight. It was damning him with the faintest of praise, but Poulin, with four points in the series, was by far the Flyers' best player.

"I got a letter from the guy who would have been my boss at Procter and Gamble," Poulin said. "He enclosed a newspaper clipping from the game in Toronto. He said: 'Obviously our paths are going different ways. I'm happy for you. Best of luck.' I'm sure the Flyers liked what I had done, but they had to wonder whether I was a flash in the pan."

He wasn't. Poulin, a weight-room fanatic

a new contract jumped him from slightly above the \$35,000 minimum to more than \$100,000 a year. And on the eve of this season, as the Flyers completed their youth movement with the trade of Darryl Sittler to the Red Wings, Poulin was named the Flyers captain.

"I got lucky," says Poulin. "So much of this business is timing. It took a few extra years in my case, but I was finally in the right place at the right time. You know the irony of it? I didn't get drafted, because in those days everybody was looking for big guys. And you know why? Because of the success in the '70s of the Flyers."

Darryl Sutter

Left wing, Chicago Black Hawks.

179th player taken in the 1978 draft.

Reason for being overlooked: Bad skater, bad body.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Farmer.

Frankly, a Sutter isn't much to look at when he's 18 years old. Mother Grace—the Amazing Grace of Viking, Alberta—produced seven sons and six NHL players. And each of them is a runt.

As they approach adulthood they gener-

ally run about 165 pounds. This includes their hockey sticks, which from age four, one cannot pry from their hands.

They also skate funny. Though Brian, the No. 2 son, was plugging away with some success in St. Louis when the next in line, Darryl, came up for the draft, you'll have to forgive the Black Hawks for welcoming him with an 11th-round shrug and a form letter. The concept of Suttering—pressing coal into diamonds through the family's inherent will to succeed—was still in its infancy.

"It probably helped the rest of my brothers that both Brian and I made it," said Darryl. "But on the other hand, Duane, Brent, Ron, and Rich were all better juniors than I."

The four youngest were all also No. 1 draft

culture was different, only one of my teammates spoke English."

Darryl lived in an apartment-hotel. The cooks took a liking to him and invited him back to the kitchen where Sutter, tired of fish, introduced them to concepts such as hamburgers and pies. He put on 10 pounds, learned how to eat on the floor, got a great deal on stereo equipment, played like a kamikaze, and matured about three years in one. "I wondered many times what the hell I was doing over there," he said. "All I could do was sit back and laugh."

And play. Sutter, the little guy, found himself a giant among the Japanese men. "It really wasn't much better than a junior league," he said. But the ice surface was

before, finally badgered GM Bob Pulford into giving the kid a look-see at the end of the season. The next year the Hawks had a 40-goal rookie left wing. Two years later they had their new captain.

His total degree of involvement has earned Sutter not only a leadership role but a body battered by a series of injuries. But when he's out of the lineup the Hawks suffer more than he does. Darryl works to exhaustion, goes to the net well, tips point-shots efficiently, and generally refuses to lose. He plays at 180, but like he's 210. You don't weigh a Sutter on any conventional scale.

"Sure I appreciate being here," he said. "Probably more than most high draft picks. You spend a year in Japan and a year in the minors, don't make it to the NHL until you're 22, you don't take things for granted."

Tim Kerr

Right wing, Philadelphia Flyers.

Signed as a free agent, July 1979.

Reasons for being overlooked: Too lazy.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the

NHL: Business, maybe law.

As one more defenseman rides Tim Kerr's back all the way to the net and, inevitably, another Flyer goal, one still sees signs of the gentle nature that caused the scouts to be so underwhelmed.

Kerr doesn't slash back. He doesn't complain. He doesn't even thrust his stick up when the red light goes on. "You could see he had the body (6'3", 225) and pretty good hands," said Ron Caron, now the St. Louis general manager and then Montreal's head scout. "But he just didn't push himself."

Nonetheless, there was too much of Kerr to ignore. When the six-round draft was completed, three teams—Philadelphia, Detroit, and Vancouver—offered contracts. "The money each offered was about the same," Kerr said. "I grew up in Windsor [across the river from Detroit] and liked the idea of playing at home. I was all set to sign with the Red Wings when Eric Coville came to talk to me."

Coville, then the Flyers' eastern scout, sold Kerr on the advantage of signing with a proven winner. "Some people said Detroit needed more help, I'd have a better chance to play sooner," said Kerr. "That didn't bother me. I've always been a pretty confident guy."

Kerr, who had scored a modest 42 points his first year in juniors, improved to 73 the following season. But he had problems with his junior coach and not even the Flyers, who were now into him for about \$65,000, were completely sold.

When his Kingston team was eliminated early from the playoffs, the Flyers rushed him up to their Maine farm club to finish the season. It was only seven games, but they

choices. And now, if it was up to the scouts, they'd have Grace on fertility drugs. Such is the certainty that a Sutter will play and win for you.

Yet, six years ago Darryl represented nothing more than a plugger's little brother. "I got the letter every draft pick gets, inviting me to training camp," Darryl said. "There was no contract offer. I could go and probably end up being sent to the International League."

The owner of Sutter's junior team in Lethbridge, Alberta, Pat Shimbashi, had an alternative—Japan. "He was Japanese himself, he knew some people there," Sutter said. "Each team is allowed two imports, the money—about \$20,000 American—was guaranteed, and the room and board was paid for."

Goodbye Lethbridge. Hello Tomakomai. "Sure I was homesick," Sutter said. "The

bigger, which helped smooth out his choppy stride.

Truth was, the Samurai Canadian was about the best thing the Japanese had seen on skates. They nicknamed him "The Typhoon." "Yeah," Darryl laughed. "I was the Brent Sutter of Japan. There was no way I was going back, though. At least I say that now. If the Black Hawks hadn't called, who knows what I would have done."

Before the Japanese season ended in February, Chicago scout Jimmy Walker called Grace to tell her there was a spot on the Hawks' New Brunswick American League team for Darryl when he returned. He went and showed enough to be offered a contract the following season.

Even as Sutter was scoring 66 points in 69 games that year, the Black Hawks remained unenthused until coach Eddie Johnston, who had coached at New Brunswick the season

proved a lot. To the Flyers. To Kerr. "I had never really pushed myself conditioning-wise," he said. "I had always done enough to get by. But I did well in the American League. It wasn't for very long, but now I knew what I could do. It was time to commit myself and really go after it."

After a promising, 45-point rookie year, Kerr himself started going down. And down. Knee, shoulder, broken leg, hernia, impacted wisdom teeth—you name it and Timmy suffered from it over the next two seasons. When he played, however, he scored. The 1983-84 season dawned with Kerr being one of the league's best-kept secrets.

"I never bought the idea that I was injury-prone," he said. "I was working harder on my body than just about anybody—but I did wonder why I was so damned unlucky."

The injuries turned out to be freaks—the 54 goals Kerr scored when he was finally able to play 79 games were obviously not. An immovable object in front of the goal and blessed with beautifully soft hands, he began reminding people of a young Phil Esposito.

The Flyers, agreeing, signed him to a long-term, \$250,000-a-year contract over the summer. "If they thought the contract was going to make me lazy I'm sure they wouldn't have given it to me," he said. "Hey, if they expect me to score, that just means I'm going to play more. And that's great."

"If I'm expected to score 50 again, then the way I look at it, if I stay healthy I will do it again. That's not pressure. Really, I don't feel it at all."

Charlie Huddy

Defenseman, Edmonton Oilers.

Signed as a free agent following the 1979 draft.

Reason for being overlooked: Too fat.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Hasn't the foggiest.

Let's not exaggerate. The Oshawa Generals didn't exactly have the Goodyear Blimp on their defense in 1978-79. Charlie Huddy's bathtub didn't have stretchmarks. Though about 10 to 15 pounds on the plump side, Charlie looked like he had a chance to be adequate if he firmed up his game and his middle. But he lacked the one outstanding skill, and with 19-year-olds available for the first time and a whole class of 20s still on the board, this was unquestionably the NHL's all-time best draft. Each team had only six picks. They were not best spent on Chunky Charlie.

"In juniors I never really thought about myself as being overweight," Charlie said. "No one ever pointed out what was expected of me."

The Oilers made the best of a few free-agent offers, signed Huddy, and sent him to

their fat farm at Houston of the Central League. He ate a little less, conditioned a little more, got down from 210 to his present 200, and played too well to be ignored.

"Things happened pretty fast for me," he said. "If I had been down in the minors for three years without getting a chance I probably would have started to wonder."

"The second year, I got called up and played 12 games before I got hurt. At least I knew they were watching, that they were interested. That kept me going. The follow-



good defense and scoring his share of points. Playing with Coffey unquestionably had a lot to do with Huddy leading the NHL in plus-minus statistics two years ago, but somebody had to mind the store and Huddy did it well.

Now the Oilers are the Stanley Cup champions and there's a fat ring on Huddy's lean finger.

"It is harder to prove yourself when you're not a first- or second-round draft choice. A management, lots of times, will stay with that kind of guy longer. A lot of guys in my position never get a chance at all, but the Oilers were great. When I was called up I did get to play."

"And now that I'm here I appreciate it. I think back about all those bus trips in the minor leagues. Eighteen hours from Wichita to Indianapolis. You don't want to ever go back."

Jamie Macoun

Defenseman, Calgary Flames.

Signed as a free agent, January 1983.

Reason for being overlooked: Too small.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Something in business.

To every little guy who ever had his lunch money extorted, a night watching Jamie Macoun play hockey is a vicarious triumph.

"Nobody believes this," he said, "but when I was in grade 10 I wrestled in a tournament in the lowest weight class. That's under 105 pounds."

Today, Macoun goes 6'2", 210. This is without the benefit of anabolic steroids, liquid protein, Charles Atlas, or any pact with the devil. However Macoun did it ("My mom,

By age 16, when the Junior A Ontario Hockey League conducts its midget draft, Macoun had grown to 160 pounds. It still wasn't enough for him to make a team, so he settled instead for a spot on the Junior B Newmarket Flyers. Playing Tier II had one advantage: Macoun was still eligible for a scholarship at an NCAA school. The Junior A's, who receive riches of about \$40 a week, are considered professionals and off limits. "The next year my Junior A team wanted to call me up," Jamie said. "But by then I had decided to go the university route."

From among several suitors he chose Ohio State. "It was perfect for me," he said. "It was a developing program at a school that stressed athletics. I had good coaching. We had a good off-ice program. I really learned a lot. At the beginning of my junior year my coach told me he was starting to get some calls."

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Reason for being overlooked: Too small.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Something in business.

To every little guy who ever had his lunch money extorted, a night watching Jamie Macoun play hockey is a vicarious triumph.

"Nobody believes this," he said, "but when I was in grade 10 I wrestled in a tournament in the lowest weight class. That's under 105 pounds."

Today, Macoun goes 6'2", 210. This is without the benefit of anabolic steroids, liquid protein, Charles Atlas, or any pact with the devil. However Macoun did it ("My mom,

A registration foul-up denied Macoun access to a computer science course needed to keep him eligible midway through his junior year. "All of a sudden the pros were interested in me. Who knows what would happen by next year, how many chances like this would I get?"

"Playing in midgets there were always guys who were considered prospects. I was one of those nobody ever talked about. I was pretty good, but I was small. And now, all of a sudden, just in one year, everything was clicking for me. Here was my chance to play pro. I decided to take it."

Several teams offered contracts. Only Calgary and Winnipeg promised immediate shots to play in the NHL. When the Flames guaranteed a major-league contract and money to finish school in the summers, Macoun reported and played a sound 22 games. Last season, his full rookie year, he scored nine goals and 32 points and was a key to a solid second-place finish and the near playoff upset of Edmonton.

"No question making it later helped me keep both feet on the ground," Jamie said. "The high draft choices get the big money and the new car at 18, and it takes them a few years until reality sets in and they learn how to handle all the peripheral stuff."

"When you're 18 you tend to live your life day to day. The next game or your next test is all you think about. A bad game throws you off. You're 22, you handle it better, handle what other people you meet on the street are saying to you when you're going bad. I've kind of built up a protective shield about things like that."

"Making the All-Rookie team was really nice, but I realize it was a year when there weren't a lot of overwhelming talents on defense breaking into the league. But since I did it, I want to improve. I don't want, five years down the road, people to look back at it and say, 'Why did they pick him when so-and-so turned out to be the better player?'"

Rejean Lemelin

Goaltender, Calgary Flames.

Philadelphia's sixth-round choice in the 1974 draft. Released by Flyers, 1977.

Reason for being overlooked: Once a minor-leaguer, always a minor-leaguer.

Probable occupation if he hadn't made the NHL: Something in the health sciences field.

As they sat fidgeting last June in Toronto, awaiting the post-dinner announcement of which of the two would be the league's best goalie for the 1983-84 season, Reggie Lemelin and Tom Barrasso made for a spectacular contrast.

Barrasso, 18 years old, one year out of high school and universally proclaimed to be the next Ken Dryden, didn't have a ticket to

the awards dinner. He had a birthright. He flew in first-class, on a cloud.

Lemelin came in through the kitchen. Nobody had ever believed he was what he said he was—a major league goalie. His had been a career of being asked to show an I.D. Reggie produced a driver's license, and they asked for a major credit card.

The Flyers, who had Bernie Parent, Gary Inness, Wayne Stephenson, and what they thought was a better-looking young prospect, Rick St. Croix, never advanced Lemelin past the low minors. In 1977 the North American League, where he played for three years with the Philadelphia Firebirds, had just folded. So, it appeared, had Reggie's career. "The letter from the Flyers was polite," he remembers. "Sorry, you don't fit into our plans."

But the Firebirds, suddenly without a league, decided to try stepping up to the American League. They had no NHL affiliation and exactly three weeks to get a team together. The team owner knew Reggie, and the new coach, Dan Belisle, knew of him. Frankly, Belisle didn't have time to look for anything much better.

The Firebirds were a ragtag crew, but Lemelin held them together with a 2.96 goals-against average. He was named the league's first all-star. And now four NHL teams were interested.

"We picked the Flames because, after Dan Bouchard, they didn't really have much else," Lemelin said. "As it turned out I was right, they weren't satisfied with [backup] Yves Belanger's play and later that year [Lemelin started the season with the Flames' farm at Birmingham] I got called up. Belanger broke his finger, I got to play 18 games and did pretty well."

"Then the WHA folded, the Flames signed Pat Riggin and changed coaches. I think I had impressed Fred Creighton, but now Al MacNeil was the coach. They decided to go with Riggin and Bouchard."

The Flames moved to Calgary the following season. Bouchard didn't like it there, said so, and played with obvious distaste for his new digs. Lemelin got some starts and Bouchard got his wish—a trade to Quebec.

Finally, Reggie had made it. Well, sort of. He backstopped the Flames to their first-ever playoff series victory over Chicago, but Riggin turned out to be the hero of the next round's upset of Philadelphia. The next year, the team slumped, Riggin wore out his welcome, and Lemelin was set to become the No. 1 guy. Riggin went to Washington.

Reggie? Solid backup. But not, the Flames obviously believed, the type you were going to win anything with, so they acquired Don Edwards from Buffalo. "I was discouraged," Lemelin said. "I thought I had earned the No. 1 job and it was obvious they were look-

ing at Edwards as their No. 1 guy. But sometimes you have to let time do the work."

Edwards flopped. Lemelin was outplaying him, anybody could see that, but the Flames had typecast him, and Reggie practically had to tear the blinders off their face before they grasped the simple truth: He was pretty damn good.

Finally, last year, with Edwards still not playing up to expectations, coach Bob Johnson gave Reggie the job. He played 51 games and Lemelin was nominated as a finalist for the Vezina Trophy.

Barrasso won it, of course. It fit the story line. But the point was that none of them—St. Croix or Bouchard or Riggin or Edwards, or even Pete Peeters or Grant Fuhr, were sitting there with a chance to win. And Lemelin was. After years in the mushroom cellar, taking one shovelful in the face at a time, Lemelin was an All-Star. Glen Sather picked him for Team Canada. The Flames gave him a new multiyear contract.

Justice, at last. "It wasn't so much a matter of proving to other people, but to myself," he said. "I always said, 'I really think I have the talent to do this,' but I never got the break."

"Then, at times, you think, 'Well, maybe I didn't get the chance because I didn't show the capabilities.' But deep down I knew that wasn't true. I saw too many other goalies, even 19-year-old kids, getting chances and doing something with them. It was just being in the right place at the right time."

"Just once I wanted to be given the job so I could show what I could do. You just can't play your best until they turn you loose. I just wanted to get past the point where I felt like one bad game would send me back to the bench or the minors."

"Every game I was fighting to prove myself instead of trying to win two points for the team. It's just so totally different now, I'm not fighting anymore. I'm finally just doing my job."

"It feels so good. And yet, while I don't wish what I went through on anybody, I know it helped me. It should be tougher for some of these kids—just to show them that nothing is handed to them, that they have to work for what they get."

"So many of them have the good first year, and then start having trouble and they can't fight it. They've always had everything, and now they don't know what to do and they come apart."

"It's like getting an education. I have been through just about everything. And I learned how to fight back." ■

Contributing writer JAY GREENBERG knows what it is to be rejected, but he's still waiting to experience it firsthand. His last piece for I.S. was on Scotty Bowman.

Whose Kind of Town?

*Chicago baseball is better than ever,
but it's war—the North vs. the South*

By Phil Hersh

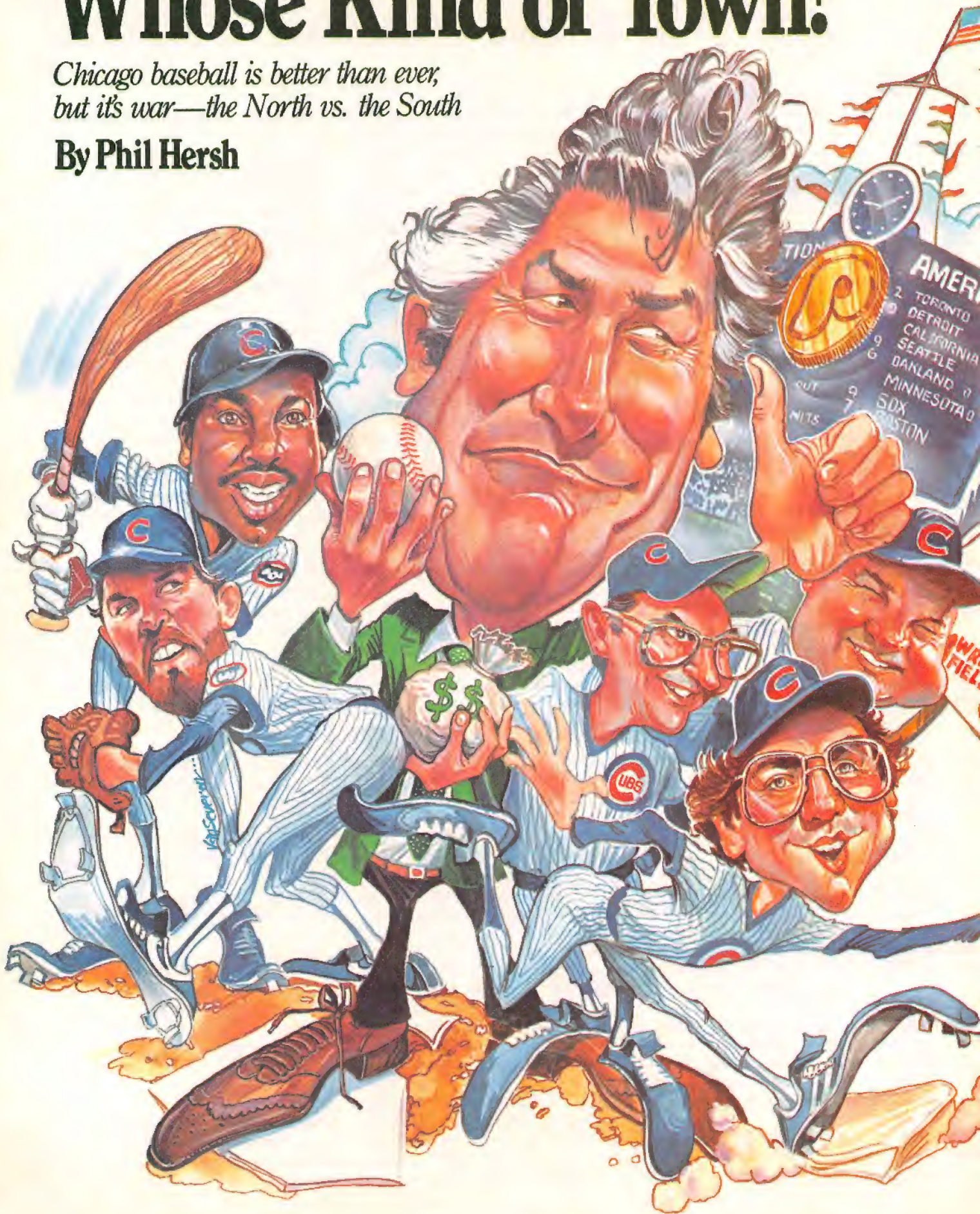




ILLUSTRATION BY JOE VAN SEVEREN



The Sox sent an unhappy Hoyt, and his 13-18 record, to San Diego.

Doctor, I keep having this dream. It bothers me.

Tell me about it.

It's a Tuesday evening in the middle of October. There is a baseball game going on. Everyone in the crowd is wearing down jackets and ski caps and boots, because it is cold in Chicago at that time of year.

They play the game. Then they play another one on Wednesday night. Come Friday afternoon, when it's a little warmer, everyone heads north on the El to watch another baseball game. This one is played in the daylight, although there isn't much left when it ends.

Anyway, doctor, they play two more games in the funny little ballpark with the ivy on the walls and then they go back south to the other place. By now, it's almost the end of October, and the players are wearing mukluks to beat the cold. Two more games, doctor, and there are snow flurries in the late innings of the last one. The next day we have our first blizzard of the year.

So, doctor, what is it all about? What does my dream mean?

Son, you are dreaming about a World Series between the Cubs and the White Sox. I'm afraid we're going to have you committed.

CHICAGO, CHICAGO, THAT TODDLIN' town. It doesn't matter if the Cubs are up, as long as the White Sox are down. Baseball fans may dream of an all-Chicago World Series, but Cub fans and Sox fans don't. It would mean admitting the other team isn't half bad. What else but such prideful jealousy could explain what happened the night of October 6, 1984?

It was the fourth game of the National League Championship Series, in which the

Cubs were about to blow a two games-to-zero lead against the San Diego Padres. It was also the best game of this or most other baseball seasons. The Padres were ahead 2-0, then the Cubs 3-2, then a tie at 3, the Padres 5-3, and a tie at 5 going into the bottom of the ninth, when Steve Garvey's two-run homer ended it. In Schaller's Pump at 35th and Halsted, just down the street from Comiskey Park, the bar patrons cheered.

The year before, some poor mope who admitted to being a Cubs fan wandered into the Ridgewood Tap in south suburban Homewood while the White Sox were beating Baltimore in Game One of the American League playoffs. The place was half empty, chairs available everywhere, but a Sox fan

told everyone else in the bar not to let the enemy sit down. The point is that no one ever gives the Sox-Cubs rivalry a rest.

Even the scales of justice feel the weight of this discord. In Chicago the guys who wind up behind the benches sometimes wish they were on them. Witness the judge who heard the case of an overenthusiastic fan called out—and hauled in—for sliding into second base during a game at Comiskey Park.

"Guilty," the judge said. "Fine of \$10. It would have been \$1,000 and costs if it happened at Cubs park. I'm a Sox fan."

THE CUBS ARE QUICHE AND white wine. The Sox are Polish sausage and draft beer.

The Cubs are fern bars. The Sox are neighborhood taverns.

The Cubs are power lunches. The Sox are heavy lunchpails.

The Cubs are Ralph Lauren. The Sox are Oscar de la Rumped.

Cub fans are sopranos. Sox fans are basses.

Wrigley Field is the world's biggest daycare center. Comiskey Park is the world's biggest detox unit.

Old ideas. Tried and tired clichés. The Sox, after all, are the ones with the high-tech scoreboard and the blow-dried lawyer/manager, Tony LaRussa, Esq. The Cubs still drop numbers into their scoreboard by hand, and their manager, a paunchy baseball lifer named Jim Frey, can dry his thinning hair with a handkerchief. As hard as the new Sox management works to change the team's image, it can't alter the sociology of the city. There aren't any steel mills north of Madison Street. The millhands are Sox fans. The mill owners are Cub fans. Never was that clearer than the way both celebrated their divisional triumphs.



'Sarge' Matthews brought enthusiasm and leadership from Philly.

Before the White Sox took off for Baltimore to open the 1983 playoffs, the city had a rally for them at Daley Plaza, right next to the Picasso statue. Designated hitter Greg Luzinski, whose tongue may have been loosened by a beer or two, turned cheerleader, a perfect Sox cheerleader: name ending in "ski," body with lumps in all the wrong places, big mouth utterly lacking in pretense. The guy had 50,000 people ready to eat Orioles.

Before the Cubs began the 1984 playoffs at Wrigley Field, someone put a Cubs hat atop the Picasso. Art critics held symposia on the stylistic transformation. Everyone talked in hushed tones.

The Sox playoff roster had three hometown boys. There was Luzinski, who could be excused for coming from a northwest suburb because he went to a high school named Notre Dame. And Kevin Hickey, who grew up in the row houses a few blocks from Comiskey Park, and was pumping gas for a living when the Sox found him in a 16-inch softball league. And Ron Kittle, from Gary, Ind., which is actually just the far South Side, where Kittle and everyone else put in long, dreary hours making steel. Handsome is not a word used to describe any of the three.

The hometown boy on the Cubs' playoff roster was Scott Sanderson, who comes from prissy Northbrook, one of those suburbs where the car mechanics speak German. Sanderson is tall and lean and so good-looking that he is almost pretty. He went off to Vanderbilt University, which wasn't named for a rich man for nothing.

The hot controversy in the final days before the 1984 playoffs opened at Wrigley Field was over whether a landlord would try to evict his tenants from one of the nearby rooftop perches that afford a perfect view of the game. It was one of the buildings on Sheffield Avenue, which runs behind right field, that have been gentrified by the yupwardly mobile folks who call the neighborhood West Lakeview or North Eastview or even Wrigleyville. The whole mess was settled Solomonically, with the tenants getting half the roof for their friends, and the landlord the other half for his.

No one tried to horn in on Lucille Moore's overlook of Comiskey Park when the Sox were in the playoffs. Maybe it's because she could see only left field and the stands. Or maybe it's because her landlord, the Chicago Housing Authority, wasn't about to bring guests to the Stateway Gardens housing complex.

The 1983 Sox slogan was "Winning Ugly." The 1984 Cubs could have been "Winning Smugly," as in "I told you so," which Dallas Green did with glee to all those who doubted his resumé entry as the best baseball man Philadelphia had ever seen.

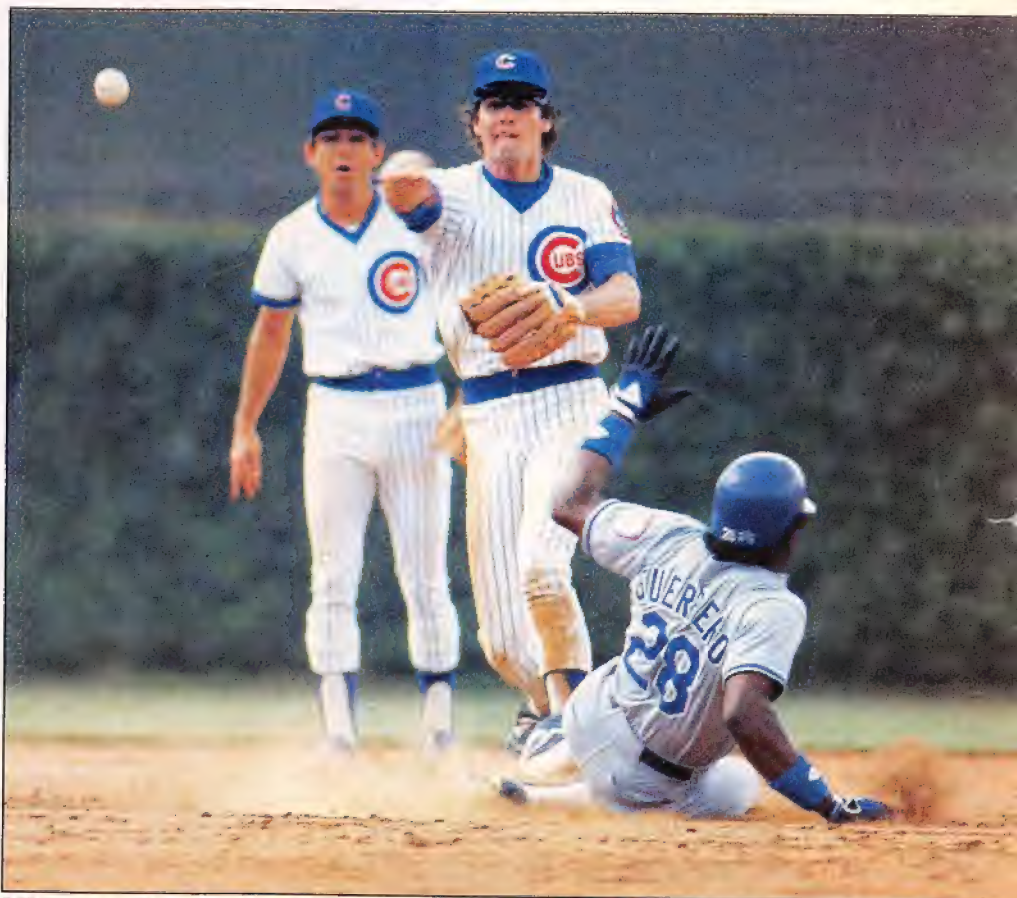
The irony is that the Cubs had the franchise on being second-class. The difference was, the North Siders were called cuddly, lovable losers, unique because they refused to bow to accountants and put lights at Wrigley Field. The South Siders were just losers.

"Being a White Sox fan all these years is a challenge to your sanity," said Peoria attorney Bernard Ghilghieri Jr.

"They give North Siders all the credit for sticking with the Cubs in bad times," said

have watched subsequent Sox teams might have wondered how anyone could tell their notorious ancestors were throwing games. The silver anniversary of their 1959 pennant, celebrated last season, has been equally tarnished by the fact that it was their last.

The Cubs, clever devils, were quick to prey on their failing rival, hiring Rowland as a vice president. Of course, they didn't get around to it until the late 1950s, when the old guy was nearing 80. Such was the inspired leadership of Philip K. Wrigley, whose family



MVP Sandberg helped turn the Cubs into lovable winners.

John Sullivan, the retired police lieutenant who once headed Comiskey's security detail. "But a true Sox fan really knows what lean years are."

MEDIOCRITY HAS BEEN THE lowest common denominator in Chicago baseball. Fans of the fifth-place 1975 White Sox had to content themselves with thumbing their noses at fans of the fifth-place 1975 Cubs simply because the Sox lost one less game. Of course, the Sox also played one less game, but who was counting?

The Sox last won a World Series in 1917, when Clarence (Pants) Rowland was their manager. They have squeezed in two pennants in the 67 years since, but one of them, in 1919, was tainted by a little diversion known as the Black Sox Scandal. Fans who

bought into the team in 1916 and sold it after 66 seasons with a record of failure unmatched in the history of the National League.

"I bought the Cubs not because I love baseball but because I was once joshed about a large city like Chicago having such poor ballclubs," said William Wrigley, Philip's father, when he became majority stockholder of the team in 1921.

So, the perfect epitaph for the Wrigley years: bought a laughingstock, sold a laughingstock. The Cubs' last pennant was in 1945; no National League team has gone that long between championships. No other major league team has finished in the second division for 20 straight years, as the Cubs did from 1947 through 1966.

The part of it that mystified Dallas Green is why Cub fans didn't want any of it changed.

He put beer signs on the scoreboard and caught hell for it. He changed the seating arrangements and caught hell for it. He brought in new players for washed-up old favorites and caught hell for it.

"It's as primitive a ritual as anything found in Samoa," said Dr. John McAloon. "We tend to find reasons why they lose and recognize ourselves in their failure."

Dr. McAloon is a University of Chicago anthropologist. Academics with fancy degrees are always being asked to say cute things about the Cubs. Columnists such as George Will and David Broder are forever holding the Cubs up as examples of something or other. Until recently, the one thing no one held either the Cubs or Sox up as was an example of a baseball team.

THE WHITE SOX TRANSFORMATION began with the 1980 purchase of the team from Bill Veeck, who reveled in being a self-styled dinosaur among the fast-buck operators who were taking over the game. Baseball was moving from its 19th century slave mentality, when penny-pinching owners treated their players like hired hands, to the 21st, when players may be the only ones who can afford to own a team.

Jerry Reinsdorf and Eddie Einhorn, easterners who met at Northwestern University law school, both have shown their adeptness at numbers games. Einhorn, who has come to rival powerful Chicago alderman Eddie Vrydolak for the sobriquet "Fast Eddie," is a TV maven who concentrates on the marketing side of the operation. All you need to know about Reinsdorf is that Balcor, the six-man real estate syndication company he started 11 years ago, had 1,000 employees when it was sold in 1982 to Shearson/American Express for \$103 million. Neither of the partners has shied from publicity.

"When we bought the team, Bill Veeck told me that if the Cubs and Sox had the same record, the Cubs would always outdraw us," Reinsdorf said. "It became one of my goals to reach the point where that wouldn't be the case."

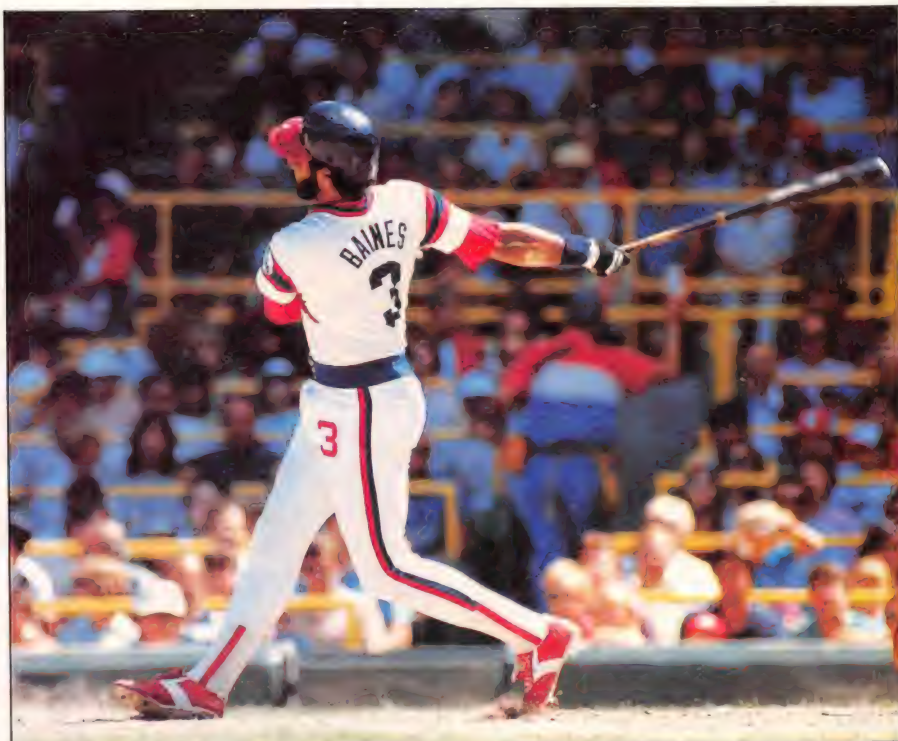
Reinsdorf and the Sox might have had little trouble reaching that goal were it not for the shock that awaited them June 16, 1981, the fifth day of that season's player strike. One of the biggest surprises in sports became public that day, when Tribune Co. announced it had bought the Cubs from the Wrigley family for \$20.5 million. It had been known that Bill Wrigley, son of late owner Phil, was in a financial bind because of a costly divorce and a difficult estate-tax situation, but no one knew the team was for sale. To have kept such a secret in a company whose best-known subsidiary is in the business of unearthing news was truly remark-

able. It also said something about the way the Cubs' new owners would operate.

Tribune Co. handled the biggest Chicago sports story of the year so nonchalantly it was a miracle anyone found out about it. Announcements of the sale were distributed to rival news organizations in the type of envelope usually reserved for public relations releases that are junked without being

would have lured a lot of Cub people over. Had I known that Tribune Co. would buy the Cubs, I wouldn't have been smart enough to realize the problems, because I wanted to get into baseball so badly."

Suddenly the new Sox owners were faced with an adversary as formidable as its Gothic, Cathedral-like headquarters would suggest. Tribune Co. reported 1983 assets



Unlike most Sox, Baines didn't let success go to his head.

opened. The rival *Sun-Times* would have been an edition late in reporting the story had its financial editor not chanced to open his mail on the way out to lunch.

The sale's enormous—and unforeseen—impact on the White Sox was a curious historical repetition. Thirteen days after Veeck had bought the virtually bankrupt team in 1975, preventing the Sox from being moved to Seattle, arbitrator Peter Seitz ruled in favor of the players in the Andy Messersmith case. The result was free agency, with which Veeck was neither intellectually, emotionally, or financially inclined to reconcile himself.

"If the timing of our purchase of the White Sox and the Messersmith decision had been reversed, I never would have bought the team," Veeck later said.

Reinsdorf might have felt the same way about the timing of his purchase and the sale of the Cubs. The Wrigleys had been such haphazard, uninterested, and underfinanced owners (or, less euphemistically, dumb, dumb, and dumb) that competing against them was like pulling the wings off dead flies.

"They were passive," Reinsdorf said, politely. "Had the Wrigleys kept the team, we

of \$1.6 billion in publishing, broadcasting and entertainment, cable television, newsprint, forest products, and partridges in pear trees.

Tribune Co.'s decision to buy the Cubs was based on no emotions like Reinsdorf's. It was made simply to protect the interests of another subsidiary, TV superstation WGN, which owned the team's broadcast rights. Once Tribune Co. learned the Cubs were for sale, it worried about getting into a competitive bidding situation for those rights, which it had bought from the Wrigleys for only \$6,000 a game. The Chicago Cubs, for whom some fans feel greater love than they do for their families, are nothing more than quality programming for Tribune Co.

Nothing could define the difference between the Sox and Cubs better than this: When a reporter needs information about the Sox, he calls the owners; when he needs information about the Cubs, he calls the general manager.

"We're an involved ownership. We're individuals," Reinsdorf said. "You're not going to talk to Stan Cook [Tribune Co.'s president and CEO] about the team. It's just another subsidiary to him."

featuring a picture of the Cubs and the legend "One of our subsidiaries had a particularly good year"—the flamboyant *Sun-Times* jumped all over the story. It published a special every day of the playoffs, wrapping the Cub coverage around the rest of the paper.

While the Sox were trying to become Chicago's team, the Cubs—in your face, Ted Turner—were turning into America's. Thanks to the massive exposure by free TV and, eventually, the reams of publicity generated by their startling climb to the National League East title in 1984, the Cubs swallowed the Sox so completely they may have kept LaRussa from being fired. While no one was paying attention, the Sox staggered through the end of a 74-88 season. Relatively few see the Sox in the best of times, since they package 100 of their games to a pay-TV operation, SportsVision, which is also sold to cable systems. The other 60 are on a UHF station that pays them \$50,000 a game for rights. Since the city of Chicago is not cabled, the Cubs attract a much bigger audience, even close to home with their VHS outlet. Until the Wrigleys sold the team, the White Sox were hoping to get the Cubs to join their pay-TV venture.

"That is what propelled Tribune Co. to buy the team," Reinsdorf said.

The financial resources provided by WGN's advertising revenues made the Cubs a riches-to-riches story. The way Green has spent the money reminds Reinsdorf of what former Redskins owner Edward Bennett Williams said after firing profligate coach George Allen: "I gave him an unlimited budget and he overspent it."

"Cubs ownership is driving up salaries and will continue to drive up salaries," Reinsdorf said. "In order for them to have a national [TV] presence, they have to have a good ballclub. They can afford to lose X dollars on the ballclub and say to themselves it is the cost of programming.

"One reason they have paid too much is that Dallas is a baseball man, not a businessman. They have paid people money that the marketplace didn't require."

The contract that most rankles Reinsdorf is the \$4.5 million, five-year-deal with Ron Cey, to whom no other club was apparently ready to offer more than \$500,000 a year. That the Sox would later show equal largesse toward second baseman Julio Cruz, who is destined to become a journeyman, only proved that as good a businessman as Reinsdorf couldn't see beyond his emotions.

It seems more than coincidental that the most recent major skirmish in the Cubs-Sox war, the Ferguson Jenkins affair, came six days after the 1983 signing of Cey. Jenkins, who should be canonized for having won 20 games six times with some miserable Cub

teams, had returned to their employ late in his career. It was hoped that the popular righthander would win his 300th game as a Cub. Such sentiment, however, did not prevent Green from leaving Jenkins available in the 1983 free-agent compensation pool, and the Sox informed the Cubs of their intention to claim him.

"The only reason we were thinking of

**'In Chicago, being
a fan is a way of
life. Their team
is an extension
of themselves.'
—Jerry Reinsdorf**

taking Jenkins was because he could help us," Reinsdorf said. "I never thought they would be so upset."

"I told them, 'Go ahead, Merry Christmas,'" Green said. "I said, 'All you're trying to do is embarrass me and embarrass the Cubs.'"

The White Sox proved able to do that, at least briefly, by using Jenkins as leverage to start trade talks. On January 26, 1983 the Cubs sent Randy Martz, Pat Tabler, Dick Tidrow, and Scott Fletcher to the Sox for Steve Trout and Warren Brusstar. The six-player deal was originally perceived as a steal for the South Siders. The net result of the transaction, a year later, was that Jenkins was pitching hay to the cattle on his Ontario farm, having been released at the end of 1984 spring training.

"At first, our fans were euphoric," Reinsdorf said. "It was like sniffing coke—you get an immediate high. But I don't think you gain anything by embarrassing people."

"There was nothing wrong with that trade, but everyone said the Sox were throwing garbage at us and we were giving away the store," Green said. "I was right in the Jenkins situation. Fergy was done and we should have stuck the Sox with him."

It is not easy to make news that has fan appeal in Chicago. The competition for air time and print space is intense, since the city is blessed with presumably professional teams in every sport, and the media also covers several major colleges—De Paul, Notre Dame, Illinois—closely. That is what Reinsdorf and Einhorn realized when they pursued Fisk like lovestruck teen-agers in 1981.

The White Sox at that point were a bunch of has-beens, never-weres, and about-to-bes. Veeck left them with nine players who

would be the nucleus of the 1983 championship team—notably Harold Baines, Ron Kittle, Britt Burns, Richard Dotson, and LaMarr Hoyt—but none of them had the established star quality of Fisk.

"We got really lucky with Fisk," Reinsdorf said. "It was not only picking up a quality player. It was symbolic." It showed the new owners meant business, even though they wisely left most of it to general manager Roland Hemond. His astute trading, especially the swap of second basemen that made Julio Cruz a White Sox in mid-1983, built the rest of the division winner. They were an exceptional blend of power, pitching, and speed, lacking mainly a proven reliever.

One season later, one of those bombs bursting in air was an unguided missile that wound up in the seats. That was the perfect symbol for the 1984 Sox season, which blew up in their faces. Cruz, re-signed as a free agent to a \$4.5 million, five-year deal, played as if he were competing for best-in-show at the American Kennel Club. Dotson and Hoyt, 20-game winners the year before, also fell flat on their considerably fatter moneybags. "That was my mistake," Reinsdorf said. "I paid those guys on the basis of their career-best seasons, when I could have waited to see if they would do it again."

The Sox aimlessly shuffled players in 1984, with or without Hemond's fiat. Einhorn was suckered by George Steinbrenner into taking Roy Smalley's \$900,000 annual salary, a princely sum for a player with no defensive skills.

Meanwhile, Green was making headlines almost every day with the stunning trades that brought the Cubs their first title in 40 years and totally transformed the potpourri of mopery he inherited after the 1981 season.

"I knew what I had here, and I didn't have crap," Green said.

From the 40-man roster that went to spring training in 1981 only 17 were back in 1982. From that 40-man roster just six—Ryne Sandberg, Larry Bowa, Jody Davis, Keith Moreland, Lee Smith, and Leon Durham—were still around to win the East. Only six of the 29 players on the Cub roster or disabled list last August 31 were Cubs before Green arrived October 15, 1981. Nineteen of the other 23 came in trades, three from the waiver list, and one from the Mexican League. Green raided his old organization, the Phillies, for the entire starting outfield, Gary Matthews, Bob Dernier, and Moreland, and the double-play combination of shortstop Bowa and second baseman Sandberg. He was the first Cub official in years to realize that the Cubs play 81 games away from cozy Wrigley Field, and that 48 of those 81 are on artificial turf, which demands a center fielder with speed like Dernier's.

"The important thing," said White Sox general manager Hemond, "is that Dallas didn't make just one move. He stayed very aggressive."

Green sensed that 1984 suddenly was the Cubs' chance to make all their years of failure pass into history instead of pass before their eyes once more. This was a team that was tired of saying, "Wait till next year," only to have next year never come. That is why Green was not reluctant to trade two promising young outfielders, Mel Hall and Joe Carter, to Cleveland for Rick Sutcliffe, whose 16-1 record as a Cub meant the future was, indeed, now. Even as he struggled to re-sign Sutcliffe, after inking his other top free-agent pitcher, Steve Trout, Green knew he had taken the town away from the White Sox, perhaps for years to come.

The Sox went to the 1984 winter meetings in Houston desperate to make an attention-getting deal, but the Cubs beat them to it by getting lefty pitcher Ray Fontenot in a six-player swap. The Sox "guaranteed" a trade the next day but were left looking foolish when nothing happened. Their impatience showed when they unloaded Hoyt, their only pitcher with true grit, for a wing (Tim Lollar) and a prayer (minor league shortstop Oswaldo Guillen) from the Padres. If the trade hurt the Sox it may have also helped (horrors) the Cubs, for San Diego was said to slack off in its pursuit of Sutcliffe after taking on Hoyt's waistline and bottom line, both of which are hefty. No matter what happened to Sutcliffe, though, the Sox position is clear: They have been forced into looking at Green with envy.

The irony was delicious, considering the way Einhorn had demeaned Veeck's stewardship of the Sox. No one had brought the Sox more free attention at a winter meeting than Veeck did in 1975. Only a few hours after his purchase of the team was approved, Veeck set up a command post in the lobby of a Hollywood, Fla., hotel. Behind his chair was a hand-lettered sign that said: "Open for Business." And he made five deals involving 16 players in less than two days, as if he were writing the scripts for two Eddie Murphy movies, "Trading Places" and "48 Hours." All the laughs were at the Cubs' expense. The only way they could make the papers was to buy an ad.

IN HIS SECOND COMING TO THE White Sox, when he was praised as a savior and struggled to be a survivor, Bill Veeck's customary seat was No. 18, in the second row of the Comiskey Park press box. Respiratory problems that were nearly fatal denied him the pleasure of watching the Sox finish off the final season before they would be sold for \$20 million to Reinsdorf and Einhorn. When the summer game ended

its 1980 season on a chill October day, Seat 18 was empty.

The new management of the Sox, especially Einhorn, soon became anathema to Veeck. He was greatly offended when Einhorn used his first press conference as owner to ridicule the 1890s-style uniforms, which had been designed by Veeck's wife, and proclaim that his first objective was to bring some class to the Sox organization. When he finally returned to Comiskey Park for the 50th Anniversary All-Star Game—at the insistence of old friend Hank Greenberg—Veeck was further upset by the poor seats he was given.

Veeck's real interest in Chicago was that it was the only place where baseball was played the way that first attracted him to the game. Chicago is fortunate to have two of the last true ballparks left in America. In both places the visitor leaves the congestion of the city and, after passing through darkness, suddenly emerges into a magically bright world of green grass and brown dirt. Both parks have wonderful idiosyncrasies, although none so unusual as the absence of light towers at Wrigley Field.

"It's neat," Green said. "Ideally, this is the way to play baseball and the way to watch it—like Veeck does, out in the bleachers in his shirtsleeves. But Bill is just sitting in the bleachers. He doesn't own a ballclub.

"We need lights in Wrigley Field, not because it would sell more tickets but because it would allow us to compete like the rest of the teams do. But I will never advocate a total night schedule—maybe Tuesdays and Thursdays and nights after we return from road trips."

"Tribune Co. must have lights," Reinsdorf says, "because it will significantly increase the value of the Cubs as programming."

The Cubs and the White Sox in agreement? Say it ain't so, Joe.

I don't mind a little hospital rest, doc. Just tell me who won.

Won? The National Guard was called in to clear the crowd before it headed into extra innings. Even though he is a Cubs fan, President Reagan decided the national security was at stake. It wasn't worth risking Civil War II to finish the World Series.

You mean it was a tie?

More like a truce. A cease-fire. That way, the North Side and the South Side were spared.

Did the sides sign a peace treaty?

Peace? Between the Sox and Cubs? Aide, get me a straitjacket. This man really is insane. ■

Chicago Tribune sports writer PHIL HERSH is scrupulous about maintaining his baseball neutrality. He's always careful to order white wine with Polish sausage.

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Baseball's DIRTY Double-Dozen

The Portland Mavericks of the mid-'70s terrorized the Class A Northwest League, striking fear and loathing into the hearts of opponents and fans

By Sheldon Sunness



Left-handed catcher Jim Swansen and 'strange' Jim Bouton were two of baseball's rarest breeds.

They swagger defiantly against the cool, thin Oregon air, resplendent in their "black, white, and streetwalker red" uniforms, bandanas dangling from their necks. Every gesture—from the group rendition of the national anthem to the incessant, merciless taunting of the opposition—an apparently calculated slap at the national pastime's sacred cows. Their raucous postgame victory parties—held win, lose, or rainout—eventually forced the manager to hire a bodyguard to protect him from his own players, as well as irate enemy fans. Barroom brawls and motel madness got them banned from league towns with embarrassing regularity. Yet they continued on their merry way, like modern-day knights errant, oblivious to all but drawing fans and having fun.

BASEBALL HAS PRODUCED ITS share of terrifying teams—dynasties like the "Murderers Row" New York Yankees of the '20s, the St. Louis Cardinals' "Gashouse Gang" of the '30s, and, more recently, Cincinnati's "Big Red Machine." The names alone make you shiver.

But the most feared baseball team of all time is undoubtedly the (Class A) Portland Mavericks who, during their brief existence in the mid-'70s, terrorized the Great Northwest, striking fear and loathing and more than a little laughter into the hearts of opponents and fans alike. While other clubs might be content with burning up the basepaths, the Mavs could just as easily burn down hotels. And why settle for slugging home runs—when they could slug the manager or anyone else who got in their way.

"They were baseball's dirty dozen," says Jim Bouton, one of the team's more illustrious graduates. Dirty double-dozen is more like it. But who could count straight in the middle of all that mayhem.

THE MAVS WERE BORN IN THE flamboyant mind of actor Bing Russell, who spent the '60s playing the sheriff on the long-running "Bonanza" TV series. (Russell's son Kurt is a veteran Disney film star—who played opposite Meryl Streep in "Silkwood"—and was a promising minor-leaguer until an injury ended his career.) But as the '70s dawned, Bing tired of his law-and-order image. He traded in his badge for blue jeans, sprouted long hair, and looked to sow some wild oats.

While Russell was growing hair, the long-suffering people of Portland were growing tired of a mediocre Triple-A Beavers baseball team, which hadn't won a pennant in nearly 30 years. Dwindling attendance forced the franchise to split for Washington—and gave Bing Russell his shot.

A lifelong, die-hard fan—he'd spent his childhood springtimes traveling with Lefty Gomez and the New York Yankees—Russell had recently invested in the Angels' minor league El Paso Sun Kings. But Portland would be different. Russell sought and got an independent franchise in the Class A Northwest League. "No one was going to tell us what to do," he recalled. "We weren't going to be under any major league gun."

But Bing Russell paid dearly for his independence. By affiliating with major league



Mavericks manager Frank Peters needed a bodyguard—to protect him from his pistol-waving players.

organizations, all the other Northwest League teams had been stocked with young, talented "future big-leaguers," whose high salaries were underwritten by the parent club. Neither the stars nor the big money were available to Russell. All he could afford to pay was about \$300 a month—for which he required his players to double as groundskeepers.

So it was inevitable that the Portland Mavericks would become a haven for has-beens and might-have-beens, the last round-up of the athletically unfit and the socially misfit. Jim Bouton, for instance. The author of "Ball Four," baseball's first kiss-and-tell establishment-rattling bestseller, Bouton was a good 10 years past his pitching prime when he sought refuge in Portland. He'd already been rejected by almost every pro franchise on the continent as he sought to parlay a knuckleball pitch into another big-league comeback.

"He was probably considered strange ev-

erywhere else he went," drawled teammate Jim Swansen, "but with the Mavericks he fit right in." Indeed, Swannee spoke from experience, as he was the rarest of baseball breeds, a left-handed catcher. Sighted far less frequently than Halley's comet, the southpaw receiver is much less appreciated: "I've just seen my first left-handed catcher," wrote the seasoned Seattle scout assigned to inspect Swansen, "and I certainly hope it's my last."

Bouton vehemently disagreed: "Swannee had big-league talent," he insists, "But, being lefty, he didn't fit into the computer's idea of a major-leaguer." Like Bouton, Swannee graciously accepted a spot on the Mavs roster. "Aw, hell, we'd have played for nothing."

To ride herd over his mangy menagerie, Russell needed a shrewd, no-nonsense, forceful manager—unafraid to express the courage of his convictions. Instead, he chose Frank Peters. Dubbed "Frank the Flake" by local sports writers, Peters had been a local

basketball and baseball star before signing with the Baltimore Orioles organization in the early '60s. "They told me I'd succeed Brooks Robinson at third base," recalled Peters, a curly-haired cross between Warren Beatty and Andy Griffith. They lied—but Peters spent the better part of a decade in the Orioles chain trying to prove them wrong. He did rise to Triple-A ball, learning the game from that wily managerial guru, Earl Weaver.

Peters wasted no time in laying down the law. "No rules, no signs," he declared at the outset. "And dope smokers must sit in the back of the bus." To show he meant business, he filled the crucial third base coaching slot with one of his bartenders—Peters owned a well-known Portland nightspot—and succeeded the man with his own 79-year-old former high school baseball coach.

The years under Weaver had endowed Peters with a managerial flair that allowed him to make lasting contributions to Maver-

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icks baseball. Peters became the first man in the history of organized baseball to steal *first* base—pilfering the bag after an unsuccessful argument with the umpires. (It was returned the following afternoon, appropriately autographed by all team members.)

Frequently there was method to Peters' flamboyant madness. When a frustrated Jim Swansen's intemperate remarks—"Your strike zone's as big as your ----!" he bellowed at a female umpire—threatened to unhinge the official and unleash a bottle-wielding

Frank Peters was full of good intentions, not all of which were appreciated. His habit of using postgame victory parties to criticize players' performances—in order to reduce swelled heads—resulted in a number of fistfights and swelled jaws. But it helped resolve the issue of whether or not Peters needed a bodyguard: He did, to protect him from his players almost as much as from "the enemy."

But all things considered, Frank Peters did an excellent job of keeping a lid on the

In Portland, sweeping a series from a rival produced a bevy of brooms, set afire and paraded around the field by jubilant players and fans alike. 'You would have thought you were in an asylum,' says Bouton. 'Everyone seemed crazy.'

crowd, the quick-witted manager used the only available ploy to rescue his startled rookie catcher: He raced from the dugout and began a furious striptease, removing his clothes and equipment, flinging them at the stunned umpires and fans. When the mob's anger was immediately refocused, an unnerved Swansen retreated to safety.

In calmer moments Peters fancied himself a philosopher. His more original maxims still adorn the walls of his Portland restaurants: "Every bridge has a steel lining"; "Sleep is small slices of death out of your life"; "Only break the rules you can bend"; "In your battle to rise above innocence, you only establish it." Not quite Chairman Mao, but then Portland isn't exactly Peking.

WHEN IT CAME TO BASEBALL philosophy, Frank stood on more solid ground, taking his outlook from Casey Stengel. "The art of managing," Peters quoted the Master, "is keeping the 10 guys who hate you away from the 10 who haven't made up their minds."

It didn't always work. Like the time Peters, in an effort to shake the Mavs out of a horrendous slump, decided to pick his starting lineup from a hat. When Reggie Thomas was not chosen, the hard-hitting outfielder responded by producing a .44 pistol and chasing the manager to his office. Barely beating Thomas to the door, Peters scribbled a hastily revised lineup: Not only was Thomas included—he was leading off. "I thought he made a good point," conceded the manager.

roller-coaster ride that was the Portland Mavericks. In fact, these leadership abilities inspired him to put them to use in the interests of all the people. Once he was no longer the Mavericks manager, he decided to seek the governor's chair in Oregon—and his Maverick-style campaign was something else again.

"Governing Oregon would be just like managing a team," he said. "It's motivating people to do things for themselves."

Running as an Independent candidate, Peters began his race in 1978—about four years before the actual contest. For his campaign theme he chose "The Oregon Trail: Symbol of a Better Way." Appealing to the pioneering spirit of all Oregonians, Peters vowed to retrace the 2,500-mile trail "by wagon and plane, foot and car"—but mostly, it developed, in his Mercedes Benz. "To be a serious candidate you need either a new car or a new wardrobe—this saves me a new set of clothes."

Stressing new leadership, Peters' campaign poster had him posed behind the tombstone of the late kung fu great Bruce Lee. "Bruce was the ideal leader, whose message cuts across all lines of color, class, and creed."

While other candidates might seek their constituencies on college campuses and church halls, Frank Peters carried his message to the state's toughest red-neck bars. "If I can talk in those places, I can get my ideas across anywhere."

He was not without his own words of wisdom. To no one's surprise Peters came



Joe Garagiola proved his courage by showing up to crown the Queen of the Mavericks.

armed with a batch of appropriate new aphorisms. On the environment: "Man shouldn't try to conquer Nature—it's unfair competition." On office seeking: "Never run for an office unless you intend to seek a higher office."

When it came to specifics, however, Peters' message was much more muted. In fact, he tended to fall back on his baseball background. On solving Oregon's unemployment problem: "We'll use what we've got . . . some can hit and some can steal." He did go on record in favor of small industry and tourism. "If everybody brings a guest to Oregon at Christmastime . . ."

Frank Peters was looking forward to the general election. Besides running a spirited campaign, it would give him the chance to cast his first vote ever. Alas, 'twas not to be. Despite considerable media coverage he was unable to obtain the thousand signatures needed to qualify for a spot on the ballot.

Needless to say, Frank was stunned and dismayed by the voters' apparent rejection. "I'm a pioneer," he stoically observed, "and pioneers usually get scalped." Thoroughly disheartened for a while, he even talked of a self-imposed exile. Fortunately for all fun-loving Oregonians, he eventually relented.

These days he talks of other dreams, like becoming an astronaut. "It's mankind elevated." And don't discount another run for

office. At 41, Frank Peters is still in the early part of the season.

THE PORTLAND MAVERICKS weren't so much a roller-coaster ride as they were a bus ride, on a rickety, red disemboweled bus. Players sat on a mattress-lined floor, with a single, low-wattage light bulb above "so they could see the cards they held," and a loudspeaker with which to greet rival townspeople—either generally, as in "Hey, hey, hey, here come the bad, bad Mavericks, so lock up your daughters . . ." or more specifically, as in "Hey you with the big gut, pull it in. It looks disgusting." Pregame practice, *de rigueur* with all other pro clubs, was strictly optional with the Mavs. But after the practice period all the players retreated to the clubhouse to contemplate the evening's strategy over a few cold brews.

The game began with the singing of the Star-Spangled Banner—loud, in unison, with the players lined up along the first base line—and continued with a series of endless, yet innovative taunts of the opposition. A deposed pitcher was serenaded by a soulfully rendered chorus of Roy Rogers' "Happy Trails to You," while three straight strikeouts, the "hat trick," called for tossing all Mavs' caps on the dugout roof. Back in Portland, sweeping a series from a rival produced

a bevy of brooms, set afire and paraded around the field by jubilant players and fans alike. "If you showed up at that moment," recalls Jim Bouton, "you'd have thought you were in an asylum—everyone seemed crazy."

It was after the game that all hell threatened to break loose. The barroom brawls would fill a lifetime of Clint Eastwood movies, while the hotel escapades would produce bills for damages running into the thousands. The team was banned from staying within the city limits of Bellingham (Wash.), while Walla Walla wasn't too crazy about them either. "If they'd lasted another year," says Bouton, "the Mavericks would have been commuting nightly from Portland."

Say what you will about the Mavs motel mischief, it displayed undeniable originality and spontaneity. When their schedule prevented them from watching the 1976 Olympics, the Mavs simply scheduled their own. Just strike a match and let the games begin.

The events—like the watermelon put and the beer-can hurdles—may have been primitive, and the diving boards never had half a chance to survive, but Jim McKay will never telecast a more colorful evening.

On another occasion, while sharing a booking with a regional firemen's convention, the Mavs decided to show their appreciation—and check out the local talent—with a

5 a.m. general alarm. Whoops, no fire this time—merely a sabotaged swimming pool and a detergent-lined path leading halfway back into town. Needless to say, the Mavs were evicted within the hour. Such antics led to the team's only ironclad rule: "Whoever costs us our lodging must find us new lodging."

THEIR OPPONENTS INCLUDED future major league stars such as the Dodgers' power-hitting Pedro Guerrero and the Cardinals' slick-fielding shortstop, Ozzie Smith. The youngsters were eager, talented, dedicated—in short, they were no match for the grizzled, veteran Mavericks, who won and won handily, taking three of four Northern Division titles.

"We enjoyed thrashing the pink-cheeked, pampered bonus babies," Bouton remembers nostalgically.

Not everyone readily acknowledges Portland's prowess. "They were bullies, plain and simple," recalled veteran National League pitcher Paul Moskau. "They just intimidated us, that's all."

Shame, shame, respond the Mavs, not so. "We did it for their benefit," laughs Bouton. "It was like boot camp: If they survived that they could handle anything in the big leagues." Swanee saw it somewhat differently. "Intimidation was the bottom line," he concedes, "but we always played the game fair and square—just like the Oakland Raiders."

Well, not exactly. For one thing the Raiders never had the services of one P.L. Maverick. A black Labrador puppy, P.L. was rushed into ball games—ostensibly to fetch a baseball mysteriously tossed from the Mavericks bullpen—as the situation demanded, usually to break an enemy pitcher's concentration, or help diffuse a rival rally. He was fast—"he'd make Herschel Walker look like he was standing still"—elusive and effective, giving umpires and opponents fits before leaving the field.

Doing things differently became an article of faith with the Mavericks. This tendency accounts for the great strides made by women, who for the first time in organized baseball's history held positions from general manager to batgirl. It explains some great technological progress, like the development of "Big League Chew," the shredded bubble gum in a pouch that resembles tobacco, conceived in the Mavericks bullpen by Jim Bouton and lefty Rob Nelson.

It also explains why, at times, anything resembling a baseball club was purely coincidental. Consider Jim Swansen's career. After an impressive rookie debut, the left-handed catcher earned his first promotion—to the position of bodyguard, assigned to protect manager Frank Peters.

Peters wasted no time laying down the law: 'No rules, no signs. And dope smokers must sit in the back of the bus.'



After managing the Mavs, Peters felt ready to govern Oregon.

Continued success brought him a job as coach—along with some highly unusual responsibilities. He was frequently instructed to "get something started"—which in Mav parlance meant provoking a fight, usually with the umpire—in order to liven up the crowd.

Then there were the tryout camps. Hundreds of people descended on these free-agent auditions—proof positive of the esteem in which the Mavs were held. To Swanee fell the unenviable duty of telling the hopefuls that they'd been cut, of informing the rejects that they'd been rejected by the epitome of rejection. No simple, solemn "Coach would like to see you in his office, bring your playbook" would suffice. With impending chaos, diplomatic finesse worthy of a Henry Kissinger was required.

Swanee was equal to the task. Leading the unchosen hordes into the outfield—ostensibly for calisthenics—he maneuvered the

mob near the right field exit, Louisville slugger dangling from his side like a gunslinger's six-shooter at high noon. "The Mavericks thank you for attending," he mumbled rapidly, "and hope we're assured of your continued support. Goodbye and good luck." Edward R. Murrow never said it better.

EXCEPT FOR JIM BOUTON'S brief comeback with the Atlanta Braves in 1978, none of the Mavericks made it to the big leagues. Swanee came closest—pitching batting practice for the Seattle Mariners at the Kingdome, just down the road from his bar-restaurant.

Through it all, the Mavs performed with gusto. To a man they bristle at suggestions that they gave anything less than their best. Though the circus might swirl around them, between the lines it was all baseball. "We loved the game. We had to [in order] to stay with it for so long," says Bouton in a rare moment of total seriousness. "Of course, we also remembered that, as a game, it was meant to be played for fun."

Their record echoes these sentiments. "People forget that we had the best winning percentage in the history of the Northwest League," says Bing Russell proudly. The Mavs won several divisional titles—but never a league championship. "That probably would have ruined our image," adds Russell.

But nothing could tarnish their popularity with the fans. Playing in a short-season (80-game) league, Portland set a single-season Class A attendance record, drawing 122,000 fans in just 40 dates—helping Bing Russell become *The Sporting News* 1974 National Executive of the Year. On the road, as the team you love to hate, the Mavs drew equally well.

They were so successful, in fact, that the Triple-A Pacific Coast League cast an envious eye on the Portland operation. Invoking an ancient baseball law allowing a higher classification to draft a lower league's territory, the PCL reclaimed Portland after the 1977 season. After a hasty but healthy financial settlement the Mavs faded quietly into the sunset.

The revamped Beavers spent several up and down seasons before finally winning the PCL playoffs and entering the Little World Series in 1983. But somehow it wasn't quite the same. "Playing with the Mavericks was the last time baseball people really had fun," mused Frank Peters. Regrettably, he was right. ■

SHELDON SUNNESS, a New York freelancer, rues the day baseball became a bloodless, colorless corporate activity, with plastic players playing in plastic ballparks.

By JERRY IZENBERG

We Cannot Tell a Lie— George Played the Horses

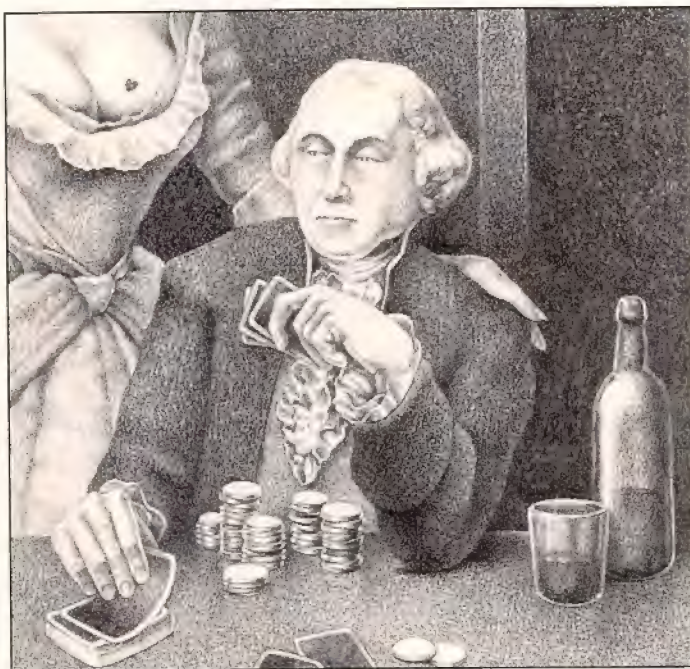
THE FIRST THING you have to understand about this business of George Washington's Birthday is that we are going about it all wrong. You do not commemorate Ludwig von Beethoven's birthday by catching the Lawrence Welk Show and you do not give honor to the day Michelangelo was born by sitting around and watching Andy Warhol draw old soup cans.

But look at what we are doing to poor old George, who was first in war, first in peace, and first man to get his bets down each and every day of what was then called the Maryland Jockey Club Race Meeting in Annapolis. And you thought that Congress dumped the U.S. Naval Academy there because of the scenery.

The truth is, George was America's first high-roller and how do we repay him on the anniversary of his birth? Well, each year on the big day merchants from the sun-kissed shores of Miami Beach to the rock-ribbed coast of Maine drag out second-hand cars that function without the burden of transmissions, colonial furniture that the original Pilgrims wouldn't have touched, sheets, pillow cases, and assorted other nonsellers, and boldly proclaim:

"We cannot tell a lie, and so for one day and one day only . . ."

Meanwhile, up in the mountains, otherwise sane and perfectly normal young men and women greet George's day as the last great ski weekend, hurling themselves with various degrees of skill down assorted mountainsides on overgrown barrel slats.



George Washington would tell you that he never played this game before and then proceed to make the jack of diamonds jump out of the deck and spit cider in your ear.

The following Monday, they limp back to the office wearing heavy casts and saying, "Didn't we have a hell of a time?"

Is this any way to honor the memory of a man who says of his race-going experiences (as he did in the diary that the Maryland Jockey Club unearthed in its research some years back), "I was a consistent and persistent loser at the race meetings, but I did somewhat better at cards."

And you can take that last to the bank. Historical evidence seems to indicate that old George could wash a deck with the best of them. He also held his red wine rather well. What he held after that, as the evening wore on, you are not going to discover here, this being a family-type magazine.

But before we get further into the details, let us agree that it is time to knock off the ceremonial side of what has become a disrespectful charade. I mean if you want to hold a citizens' appreciation night for Rick Sutcliffe you don't hire the Bolshoi Ballet. If you want to thank Dan Marino you don't rent Disneyland to do it. If we are really going to give the man his due, therefore, George Washington's Birthday is a time for the voices of OTB, Las Vegas, Atlantic City, and Charlie the cigar store bookie to be heard throughout the land. After all, the Father of Our Country was also the first of the red-hot chalk players.

So Johnny blew all his baseball bubblegum cards shooting for keeps? Don't jump him. He's only following a presidential role model—and would you want him to settle for less?

For openers, any guy who would throw a silver dollar across the Potomac just for the hell of it (now there's a high-roller) has to get a high call alongside those people who think they are going to beat a roulette wheel into submission when you and I both know that a little number named zero on a similar wheel in Monaco pays for that principality's army, air force, and the entire sanitation and fire departments.

Enough already with making all those nine-year-old kids stand up on the school stage wearing knickers, frilly shirts, and terrible wigs as they proclaim (if they can remember the lines):

"I cannot tell a lie. I chopped the stupid thing down and go ahead and belt me because

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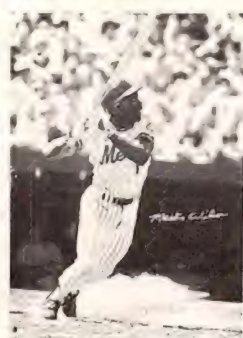
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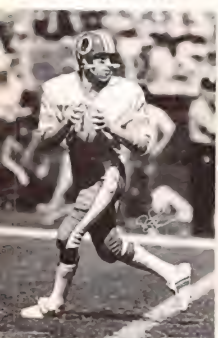
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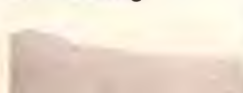
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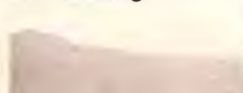
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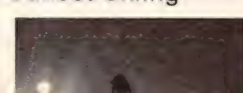
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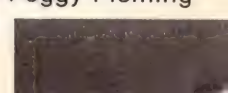
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Peggy Fleming



I don't care and that's how much I hate your stupid cherry pies."

One can almost hear the ghost of The Man shouting back from the darkest corner of the auditorium:

"You're damned right. Cherries are for suckers. It's sevens you want to see on the center line of your slot machine, baby."

But the real measure of why we are honoring the man all wrong can be found within the pages of George's own diary for

Dred Scott's grandfather made it to the receiving line unless he was handling the punch bowl. But that's another story.

In any event, George was an habitual patron at these races, and a typical entry in his diary for the year in question reads in part like the routine items turned in by a garment-center salesman after an extended period on the road:

"Traveling expenses, two pounds, 10 shillings; servants on trip, 17 shillings; tickets to

out of a deck of cards and spit cider in your ear.

So enough with the "I cannot tell a lie" shtick in thousands of grammar school auditoriums. You want to honor the man, then, dammit, honor him. Charter buses and get the kids out of those stuffy classrooms and into the clean air of, say, Hialeah or the Meadowlands racetrack, and if they can't get enough chaperones then let this document serve as a formal application. Then it's back to the old bus and a fast game of seven-card stud as the caravan wings down the Jersey Turnpike, funnels into the Garden State Parkway, and heads for Atlantic City. What they will find in A.C. needs no explanation.

Chances are the whole celebration can be covered by a federal grant, the occasion being what it is. Of course, such a plan is going to run into a lot of opposition, but then there is always somebody out there (obviously in the employ of a foreign power like, say, Cleveland, Ohio) who is going to make it difficult for those traditionalists among the congregation who want to stand foursquare behind the principles by which our first president lived.

George, quite clearly, was both a gambler and a horse player to the very finish—and the word "finish" is used advisedly. Long after making it up to the Maryland Jockey Club soirees had become something of a chore for him, he announced one day that he planned to drive a high-spirited trotter from Alexandria, Va., to Maryland. History does not tell us the name of this creature, but it does indicate that the animal could go a piece if you went to the whip.

Apparently George did in a fashion that most of us would recognize as a kind of subconscious revenge on every trotter we ever bet on whose driver pulled him with the expertise of a rodeo steer wrestler and thereby cost us our wager.

Unhappily, the animal fought back—as most of the animals on which we bet seem to do. He broke stride (ah, the agony of so many of our defeats) and disqualified George, rather than himself. The way he disqualified him was to hurl him from the rig. The former president landed on his head and required medical care.

Six months later, still bedridden, George Washington died of pneumonia. Think of him kindly at this time of year, neighbor. After all, would a man whose buggy's bumper sticker probably read, "Taxation Without Representation Is Tyranny" sit still for a moment for legislation that lets the IRS cut into a daily double winner up front. ■

Next month contributing editor JERRY IZENBERG will reveal that during the Civil War old Abe Lincoln burned the telegraph wires placing huge bets on games of rounders.



When his troops jumped into boats at the edge of the frigid Delaware, it is no worse than 8-5 that George hollered, "It is now post time."

the year 1762. You could take almost any year, but 1762 is particularly nice because once you hit the 1770s you get into all that cold, snow, and ice at Valley Forge, and it might be somewhat disrespectful to delineate the real ways George killed his time on the eve of battle. You might also find out that it is no worse than 8-5 that when the troops began to jump in the boats at the edge of the frigid Delaware River that historic Christmas Eve, George probably handed the reins of his mount to an orderly and hollered through frozen lips:

"It is now post time."

But to return to his personal writing of 1762. It was here that George confessed that he had been pretty much of a loser at Annapolis that season. The truth is that if the future of the Republic had hinged upon George's ability to handicap anything beyond six furlongs, we might all still be singing "God Save the Queen."

History recalls those race meetings that George so assiduously attended as grand social events leading up to a formal ball that was the highlight of the season and was well-attended by prominent citizens from every walk of life. It is hardly likely, however, that

the play there, one pound; tickets to the ball, 12 shillings; horse, 40 pounds; charity, two pounds, three shillings."

And now to the meat of the items: "Two boxes of red wine; 25 pounds in Maryland currency; cash lost on races, one pound, six shillings."

So there it is. Our public perception of our first president indicates that George could—and apparently did—sleep in more beds than Casanova; that he could spot an ambush—"Excuse me, Gen. Braddock, but that ain't the Junior League Reception Committee behind those trees"—and, apparently, had a sense of destiny, as in "I'm sorry, Betsy, baby, but it's all wrong—give me 13 stars in a little blue box." But the private perception is something else. For all the obfuscation, one item jumps out at you when you run down his routine expenses for that particular race meeting. It reads: "Won at cards after races were held, 13 pounds."

No wonder he was the father of his country. The moral here is clear. Beware of traveling men with powdered wigs and wooden teeth who will tell you that they have never played this game before and then proceed to make the jack of diamonds jump



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THE GOOD DOCTOR

Patrick Ewing probably means more to Georgetown than any other basketball player in the school's history. Can you tell me what sort of effect he has had on the student body?

A.A.O., HOUSTON, TEXAS

Patrick's biggest influence probably has been felt in the high society circles of Washington, D.C., where wives of congressmen and other prominent socialites have been attending parties and charity events dressed in strapless evening gowns—with gray T-shirts underneath. It also is true that Patrick will be bypassing professional basketball next season so he can join the cast of TV's "Dallas," emerging as J.R. and Bobby's long-lost brother.

Should there be a designated hitter in Major League Baseball or shouldn't there?

P.U., NEW YORK, NEW YORK

I think the National League finally should come to its senses and adopt the DH rule, once and for all. I also think the American League should drop it.

Could you tell me where baseball's All-Stars will play this season?

D.W., SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

In Detroit, 81 times.

How many copies of Reggie Jackson's biography, "Reggie," were sold in the United States alone?

M.L., NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

According to the Elias Sports Bureau, Reggie Jackson has hit more than 500 home runs, sold more than 500 candy bars, and sold more than 500 books, becoming the first baseball player ever to reach that particular Triple Crown.

Jack Murphy's name was nearly removed from San Diego's stadium. Do you have any reaction to that?

R.S., GREEN BAY, WISCONSIN

Yes. I think San Diego's name should be taken off the stadium.

Do you have any idea who the Wimbledon winners will be this year?

B.C., BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Anybody who doesn't bother watching it.

Dave Dravecky, Eric Show, and Mark Thurmond didn't exactly distinguish

themselves during the World Series with their pitching. Do you think they were distracted by the attention that was paid to their off-the-field political activities?

M.D., DETROIT, MICHIGAN

No, I just think those San Diego pitchers were tired of being anonymous and wanted to get some publicity for a change. In fact, they were such nobodies I hear they considered joining the John Doe Society.

Tom Landry had some trouble at quarterback last season and I was wondering if he planned to make any changes in the Dallas backfield next time?

T.B., MONROE, LOUISIANA

Actually, the biggest trouble Tom Landry had in Dallas last season was pronouncing Gary Hogeboom's name.

Now that baseball has a new commissioner, do you think the time has come for expansion? Down here in my area, we really want a baseball team badly.

T.M., TAMPA, FLORIDA

Funny you should mention that. Peter Ueberroth already has set in motion a plan to expand baseball to 32 teams. The Tampa-St. Petersburg area was in the running right until the end, but I'm sorry to say that at the last minute, owners voted for Denver, Vancouver, Indianapolis, New Orleans, Washington, and Cleveland. "Tampa Bay certainly is a splendid area," Ueberroth said, "and we hope to include it in our next expansion. However, at this point we felt it necessary to provide a new team for the people of Cleveland, who are certainly sick of the old one."

Kiki Vandeweghe turned out to be a pretty popular basketball player for the Portland Trail Blazers—so much so that I hear parents in Oregon have been naming their new babies Kiki. Is this true?

C.N., DENVER, COLORADO

I suppose so. It's not as bad as somebody in Oregon naming an entire city after some guy named Eugene.

Do you think Carmel, Calif., could support a pro basketball team?

S.H., HERSHEY, PENNSYLVANIA

Oh, maybe the Denver Nougats.

Boxing hasn't had all that many big fights of late, so the world is really eager for a

middleweight battle between Marvelous Marvin Hagler and Thomas Hearns. What is your considered opinion on how such a fight would turn out?

L.S., ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Personally, I think Hagler and Hearns will go the full 15 rounds, beat each other bloody, have the fight decided in a split decision, and Gerry Cooney's picture will make the magazine covers.

Could you find out what ever happened to that tall, good-looking relief pitcher for the Boston Red Sox, Sam (May Day) Malone? He was a hunk and a drunk.

D.C., HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

Sam Malone opened a bar in Boston, we understand. The place is called Cheers. The Kennedys occasionally frequent this joint, incidentally, and one night I even saw Ted dancin'.

Are Bubba Smith and Dick Butkus really as stupid as they appear to be in those beer commercials?

B.U., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

You ask 'em.

Of all the colleges in the country, which one has the best-looking, most nubile cheerleaders?

A.S.U., TEMPE, ARIZONA

Well, East Coast girls are hip, I really dig those styles they wear. And the Southern girls, with the way they talk, they knock me out when I'm down there. The Midwest farmers' daughters really make you feel all right. And the Northern girls, with the way they kiss, they keep their boyfriends warm at night. I wish they all could be Arizona girls.

Please settle a bet for me and a friend. I say the longest event of the 1984 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles was the marathon. She says the longest event of the Games was in the cycling. Once and for all, what event at the Olympics took the longest?

M.L.R., HOUSTON, TEXAS

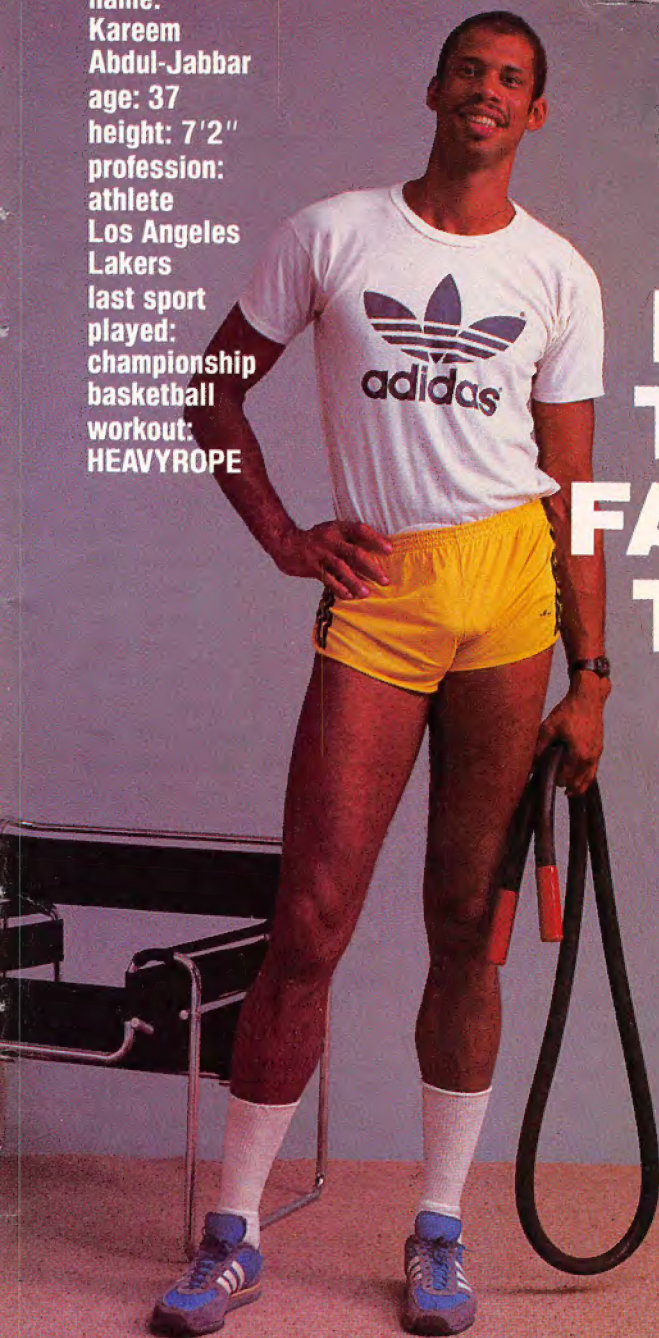
Lionel Richie singing all night long.

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THE FAN

By JIMMY 'THE GREEK' SNYDER

An Eternal Student Of Horses

EVERYBODY KNOWS I love pro football and politics. Both of these activities are tremendous spectacles, especially presidential politics—that determines the fate of the world.

But my true passion is horse racing. I just love to go to the races. While I'm recognized at the track, everybody is too busy trying to pick a winner, or to get even, to bother me. Maybe three people during the day will come over to me and ask for an autograph. The track is one place where I'm safe from telephones and people—I can relax, get away from everything. People won't bother me because they know I'm studying the form, reading the board.

So, consequently, the racetrack is my escape. I'll go there every day, unless I have to do a segment for CBS or the "NFL Today." But let me tell you, thank God people recognize me. The "NFL Today" has a great recognition factor, about 82% of all people know me—and believe what I have to say. It's fantastic. But it took a lot of years to build that up. You know, I'm like George Burns, the older I get the better people will like me. If I stay around another three or four years, maybe I'll start getting the movie roles he does.

People *should* take me seriously. I put a lot of study into picking football winners. But at the track, I play like a sucker because that's for fun. I can afford \$100 bets. On occasion, though, I like to make a bet that hurts. I've studied the stakes horses, handicap horses, and I study all the three-year-olds starting in February, so I'm ready for the Derby. I'll be totally, I mean totally, knowledgeable by the time they get to the Belmont. That's why CBS has predicted seven of the last eight



'I can afford \$100 bets. On occasion, though, I like to make a bet that hurts. I study all three-year-olds, starting in February, so I'm ready for the Derby.'

winners. That's a tremendous record and I'm proud of it. It's quite a feeling to see the horse you picked coming down the stretch, or to see your horse coming from way back.

This passion with the odds, races, horses, began because I had to eat. I grew up in Steubenville, Ohio, during the Depression—and there were 11 gambling houses there. I think I was 25—that's 1943—when I first found out gambling was illegal. To survive, if you didn't want to work in a steel mill or a coal mine, you had to match your wits with somebody else. Horses were the first thing I did. I started working in a gambling house, putting up the names of horses on a big board. I did that while I was going to high school and made \$17 a night.

By working in these places I realized that no one was studying gambling. They were making odds out of their stomach—or who knows how. I decided to become an oddsmaker and to really know what I was doing. But I had to create formulas—separate approaches for every sport. And after some trial and error, I won a lot of money at it. Even now, though, after all these years, losing still hurts. You've never won enough,

and you've always lost too much. But the next greatest thing to winning is losing, because that means you're playing, you're in action.

When I'm studying horses I don't watch the jockeys, I watch the movements of the horse. I watch his stride, if he changes stride coming into the stretch, if he throws his tail up.

Then there's the difference in trainers. One trainer can do great with a horse, while another one can run a horse into the ground. To me, Laz Barrera is the king of trainers. Woody Stephens is also great. These are guys who'll take \$17,000 or \$25,000 horses and have them in allowance or stakes races in a month.

I have a few horses myself. I paid \$56,000 for one, and have Johnny Campo as my trainer. My horses have done poorly. But I keep trying, and when

they don't run well I sell them. I'll take a horse at two years old, or as a gelding, and see what happens. What the hell, they paid \$17,000 for Seattle Slew. Why couldn't I win with a \$56,000 horse?

The ultimate excitement would be for me to have a horse in the Belmont. The Belmont, the epitome of a racetrack, total gracefulness and dignity, and no advantage to any horse.

But I must admit, if I could have anything come true, I'd want to be a U.S. senator. A woman at the Brookings Institute came up to me and said: "Mr. Snyder, we've been following your political predictions for years, and they've been perfect. You must do really well at the stock market."

Well, I don't, I've lost my shirt—and I'm not gonna tell you who's going to win the presidency in '88. I gotta save my prediction so the odds will favor your coming to see me again. ■

We all know JIMMY 'THE GREEK' handicaps NFL games, but Jimmy will handicap anything—softball games, potato sack races—even the odds on a brawl with Brent Musburger.

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